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"I BELIEVE that since the armistice the present administration has made a failure by all the tests that we can apply." Mr. Hoover's unsparing criticism of the Wilson administration is absolutely justified. It is a pity, indeed, that the election is so confused by foreign issues that the electorate cannot pass direct judgment upon the sins of the Wilson government in the actual conduct of the nation's business and the working of the governmental machine. In the bitterness of the quarrel which has arisen over the treaty, says Mr. Hoover, "the Democratic administration has so disintegrated as to be incapable of a developed program for the great measures of reconstruction which must follow from the war. We have simply drifted for the last two years. In political leadership, this party has, at least for the present, ceased to function." This is the simple truth, except that the disintegration began long before the peace treaty. Mr. Wilson has done away with team play entirely, has paralyzed the usefulness of the Cabinet by ignoring it and has let his departments go their way, hit or miss, without coordination. For this alone, leaving out all question of the treaty and of the crimes against our civil liberties, the Democratic Party ought to lose every State in the Union. Nor is this truth weakened by the fact that the Republicans are also without a program of reconstruction and that Mr. Harding, in our judgment, is totally incapable of producing one.

THE NATION'S special correspondent at the Front Porch has resigned, writing that he feels "uncomfortable in drawing a salary as a humorist and satirist," and that "*The Nation* really needs, for the lighter touch that I was supposed to furnish, only to send an ordinary stenographer with Mr. Harding or to excerpt the press dispatches." "When I wrote," concludes *The Nation's* correspondent, "that Harding, in answer to a heckler's question 'Do you believe that two and two make four,' had replied, 'While sympathizing in a general way with the principle, I would want to consider carefully the circumstances. It depends, I think, on what two and two you have in mind,' I knew the satire to be slight, but still I felt that I was earning my weekly stipend. Now Senator Harding has completely invaded my domain and made my craft impossible, by appropriating practically my exact words. Rest assured that it is a sense of honor and not professional jealousy of the candidate that makes my last contribution the inclosed verbatim press account of Mr. Harding's latest intellectual gymnastics":

The Jim Crow issue was raised here (Oklahoma) for the first time, the daily *Oklahoman* submitting the following questions: Do you or do you not favor race segregation? Do you or do you not favor separate cars for the white and black races; separate schools, restaurants, amusement places, etc.? Senator Harding's answer was: "I have not come from older Ohio to tell you how to solve your peculiar problems of the South. Somebody asked what I would do about the racial question. I cannot come and answer that for you. That is too serious a problem for some of us to solve who do not know it as you do in your daily lives. But I would not be fitted to be President if I did not tell you in the South precisely the same thing I would say in the North. I want you to know that I believe in equality before the law. That is one of the guaranties of the American Constitution. You cannot give one right to a white man and deny the same right to a black man; but while I stand for that particular principle, I want you in Oklahoma to know that that does not mean, and I do not ever intend that it mean, that the white man and the black man must be made to experience the enjoyment of their rights in each other's company."

GOVERNOR COX and Hamilton Holt alike wonder why Mr. Taft and Mr. Wickersham and Mr. Oscar Straus do not bolt Mr. Harding as Mr. Herbert Parsons has done, now that the Republican candidate has come out against the treaty. Governor Cox opines it is hardly proper for these lights to continue to work for Harding upon the theory that he is going to eat his words, swallow his campaign promises and break with the Republican anti-Leaguers when he is elected. Mr. Harding's playing fast and loose with both sides is certainly a monstrous spectacle; he must, if elected, betray either the Borahs and Johnsons or the Tafts and Wickershams. The truth is that the latter stick by Mr. Harding—for whom it is impossible that they can have a high opinion intellectually—because they are thick and thin partisans and will not bolt under any circumstances.

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How can they, in view of what they said about Theodore Roosevelt when he undertook to wreck the party in 1912? Mr. Harding knows this and takes advantage of it, with the result that the whole thing becomes nothing but hocus-pocus practiced upon the innocent voter and affords another clear illustration of the way party chains operate to make men do violence to their consciences. Nor will this situation change now that Mr. Cox has established the fact that four changes proposed by Mr. Taft during the Paris conference were embodied in the League of Nations, and five each made by Messrs. Root and Hughes. This merely increases the likelihood of a determined Republican drive to put us into the League as soon as Mr. Harding is elected—a drive that only the "irreconcilables" can stop.

SENATOR HARDING'S proposal for a new Cabinet office to deal with the social welfare of the United States merits praise as one of the few really constructive suggestions that have come from the candidates. The admirable work done by the Children's Bureau under Julia Lathrop's able guidance has pointed the way; but there are limitless fields of activity, now either wholly ignored by the Federal Government or barely touched by some division of one or other of the departments, which the Government should enter. Such a problem, for instance, as providing great areas, now destitute, with adequate nursing and medical service must at least be studied by Washington. It stands to the credit of Governor Smith of New York that he has called, though as yet vainly, upon the Legislature at Albany to move in that direction. A Department of Humanity—what might it not do for the United States and all its people if it had but a tithe of the money we devote to the instruments of death and destruction? Meanwhile, we hear encouraging rumors from Marion that Mr. Harding and his associates are actually planning the Department of Public Works for which Mr. Hoover is contending, and that Mr. Hoover is to be its head. If anything like that is really in prospect, the Senator's stock should rise not a little. Mr. Hoover's wise suggestion has been to combine in one bureau—to replace the existing Department of the Interior—all the various engineering and development functions now distributed among various departments—to take the Panama Canal, for instance, and the rivers and harbors and other civilian tasks away from the War Department, where they in no wise belong, and, together with the Alaskan Railroad and a host of other engineering and planning enterprises, to place them under one head in a scientifically organized and managed department. That would be a step forward which would redound to the honor of any Administration that achieved it.

PEACE in Poland at last! We are so glad to welcome it that we care not at all whether Poles or Russians got the better of the boundary dispute, or whether their haste to end the strife marks great Bolshevist weakness or does not. We can only rejoice that another bit of the tortured earth is freed from the most horrible of scourges; that the blood-letting which has gone steadily on in Poland and eastern Russia for more than six terrible years has come to an end. There ought to be Te Deums in every church on earth, and a resolute determination on the part of all humanitarians to stop any further hostilities in Russia. The Wrangel enterprise is now actually—if dispatches tell the truth—to be headed by the redoubtable French general with the German name, Weygand, with the full aid of the French Republic. Against that aggression every friend of the French people ought to cry out, for it is a dire blow to the already fading reputation that France acquired during its defense of its own soil. As for the Bolsheviki, they will be taunted now for having made peace so cheaply; it will be said that they are yellow as well as red; that they were compelled to grant better terms than they first offered. It will be forgotten that at the beginning they offered amazingly generous terms—more territory than the British asked them to—and actually tried to compel the blood-guilty Polish Government to promise land to the widows and orphans of the men who wantonly invaded Russian territory. Surely this was the most humane peace condition ever demanded of one antagonist by another. The whole peace negotiation with Poland reflects enduring credit on Petrograd.

IT is with a sinking heart and a sense of the desperate tragedy of Ireland that one reads Mr. Lloyd George's angry refusal to face the facts. Mr. Asquith calls it a "declaration of insolvency." It is worse; it is a declaration of war. There has been war in Ireland, but unavowed; and believers in the British sense of fair play had hoped that recognition of the facts would bring a new spirit, and that the publicity which has been given the police "reprisals" would bring a revulsion of feeling throughout England. It is not so; Mr. Lloyd George calls the police "these gallant men who are doing their duty in Ireland" and Sinn Fein a "murder gang." After toadying to Sir Edward Carson's threats of force, Mr. Lloyd George now mounts a moral horse and says that to give Ireland freedom now would mean being "bullied by assassins." A free Ireland, he says, would mean the constant threat of war, the necessity of conscription in England, and, because of Ulster, "civil war at our own door." But England has civil war at her door now; and cannot England learn from the generous response to her own generous policy in South Africa what would be the result of generosity, or even justice, to Ireland? Mr. Lloyd George does not yet believe that Ireland is a nation of Irishmen, not one of Englishmen under another name; Mr. Asquith and Viscount Grey and other Englishmen who have long been half-blind are seeing new light; but until the rest of England wakes up sufficiently to force Lloyd George to change his course the Irish question cannot even begin to be solved.

ONE more coat of whitewash has been given to the American administration in Haiti in the report of Major General John A. Lejeune, Commanding General of the Marine Corps, on the work of his Marine forces in Haiti—who ever heard of a general censuring his subordinates under such circumstances?—and in Secretary Daniels's covering letter. Secretary Daniels explains that "the orders given by me were uniformly to all officers to regard themselves as friendly brothers of the Haitians." We suppose he includes in his friendly attitude his own approval of the recommendation of his Judge Advocate General a year ago to set aside the verdict of a court-martial against an officer who admitted ordering his troops "to shoot all native prisoners captured by them if such prisoners were considered cacos or persons in revolt." General Lejeune finds the country peaceful; he was actually able to travel through the country without a guard and found no evidence of hostility. But before the American occupation, lone American women

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could and did ride through the country districts unmolested. He found "throughout Haiti a strong sentiment of gratitude to the Marines." Naturally; Haitians who had showed themselves ungrateful in the past had had their salaries stopped, if not worse. Why should they not be grateful? General Lejeune remarks that he "found in the guardhouse several marines who had been tried by court-martial for engaging in brawls with Haitians." And he comments: "Affairs of this kind are of course very regrettable but are nevertheless unavoidable." Such partisan "investigation" will not do; Congress must send a fearless and unbiased commission to Haiti, and witnesses must be safeguarded against reprisals. And our marines must come out and leave Haiti free.

GENEROUS and just and heaven-sent at this particular hour—these are the only words to apply to the action of the British Government in preparing their plan to retreat from Egypt and to live up to the solemn Gladstonean pledge to let that country go her own way. The more the details of the arrangement leak out, the better they sound. True, we do not yet know the full scope of the release, and the plan has yet to go before the Egyptians for ratification and acceptance—their various leaders in Paris are reported to have accepted it. But in an hour of rampant imperialism, of cynical disregard for the rights of small nations and subject peoples, this action is like a refreshing breeze, all the more arousing because we Americans are so guilty in Haiti and Santo Domingo. But how, if England can be so just to Egypt, can her Government still refuse to be equally unselfish and enlightened toward India and Ireland? That the British did many admirable things in Egypt will not be denied. Their experience with the Egyptians proves, however, that it is by no means enough to improve the courts, develop the railroads, increase the crops, and better the schools and the public health. The English have never been able to win the regard of the natives; mankind is getting beyond that stage in which peoples accept favors handed down from above by those who rule without the consent of the governed. Still, it is possible heartily to approve Lloyd George's decision to confine English relationship to Egypt to something corresponding to that between Cuba and the United States.

"I HAVE come," began Mrs. Arthur G. Hayes, of the Civil Liberties Bureau, "to see if Mount Vernon is a city where free speech is prevented——" whereupon Police-Lieutenant Silverstein answered her question by taking her and two men who made much the same remark to Police Headquarters. The seal of the law was thus put on extra-constitutional government in Mount Vernon by order of no less a person than Mayor Kincaid. The Mayor has taken unto himself powers that even the Department of Justice might consider arbitrary. By an ancient city ordinance recently revived, no open air meetings may be held in Mount Vernon without a permit from the Mayor; the Mayor disapproves of socialism; as a result no Socialist meetings may be held. Little things like the Constitution of the United States mean nothing to Mayor Kincaid. Special Counsel Esser, of Mount Vernon, took the stand that the ordinance was unconstitutional and advised the three persons arrested to make a test case of their detention; Mayor Kincaid accordingly suspended Mr. Esser and will ask the Common Council to make his suspension permanent. Not for nothing have the dragons' teeth of autocracy been sown for eight years by the Administration; from coast to coast the fearful crop is being gathered in.

THE railroads are taking great pride in the improved showing they are making in the handling of freight. Thus they are setting forth that the amount of freight handled by the railroads in August broke all records for that month by 4,000 car loads. In July the average mileage per freight car increased to 25.7 miles per day, or 4.4 miles per day more than the record for July, 1919. The Pennsylvania system delivered 15,212 cars of coal in May, 1920, and in August ran the figure up to 41,849. In August, 8,616 cars of ore were loaded in Cleveland, as contrasted with 2,759 in March and 5,045 in May. Taking the country as a whole, there were 3,704 freight trains dispatched daily in August as against 3,538 in July. The number of locomotives awaiting repairs, or undergoing them, has been reduced from 1,600 a day at the termination of Federal control to 1,000 at the beginning of September, while "bad order" freight cars have been decreased from 26,000 per day in the same period to 8,700. Individual roads are making special efforts to speed up unloading, to enlarge the load per car, and to increase the car mileage. Thus, the Chesapeake & Ohio has increased its average freight car mileage by 33 per cent, contrasting July, 1920, and July, 1919. The New York Central is setting forth in display advertising the very considerable equipment orders it has placed and the rapid progress made in restoring the broken down equipment turned over to it by the Government. All this, if true, is distinctly encouraging, especially as the coal situation in the East appears to be much improved. Evidently the railroads are realizing that this is their last chance to show that railroads managed for private profit can and will serve the public. Time will prove whether they will be successful, or whether they will yield to the old temptations to run the roads with sole regard for private profit.

OUR new poetry is beginning to strike the imagination of Europe. In the *Mercure de France* (August 1) Jean Catel is graceful and sound on the work of Edward Arlington Robinson. But it is clear that John Gould Fletcher, Carl Sandburg, and Vachel Lindsay correspond more closely to his preconceived vision of an American poetry. He is acutest on Miss Amy Lowell. He sees, of course, that her polyphonic prose is quite unlike Paul Fort, but makes the curious mistake of allying it to English blank-verse which he thinks an ungirdled and prosaic form. No one, however, has more closely noted her "sharp and almost morbid perception of the external world," and the "tenuousness of her Japanese 'stylization'." In the *Neue Rundschau* for June, Fräulein Claire Goll treats primarily Masters, Sandburg, and Lindsay with emphasis on what she feels to be the limitless and dithyrambic element in their work. Her imagination, more even than M. Catel's, is fired by what seems to her an appropriate American contrast to the tameness of European art. She illustrates her articles by some notably fine versions from the "Chicago Poems" and the "Spoon River Anthology," and is amusingly well informed concerning the "little" magazines of the minute. Both critics have in mind a somewhat mythical America which they read into our verse. But both are almost as instructive through their misconceptions as through their just appreciations.

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That League Issue

BUNCOMBE has always been characteristic of political campaigns; it is particularly characteristic of the present campaign, and the discussions of the League of Nations "issue" have been almost 100 per cent flapdoodle. Both Republicans and Democrats have misrepresented facts with an almost violent contempt for truth, and the public, certain only that it is weary of an issue that does not even remotely touch the pressing economic problems of daily life, will elect Senator Harding not only because it is utterly sick of Wilson and his works but because it has come to believe that Harding will keep us out of the League, out of Europe, out of war.

We are not so sure. Senator Harding is a master of ambiguous utterance. In the same speech in which he declared himself "against the proposed League" and said "I do not want to clarify these obligations; I want to turn my back on them; it is not interpretation but rejection that I am seeking," he also predicted that "we shall have an association of nations for the promotion of international peace, but one which shall so definitely safeguard our sovereignty and recognize our ultimate and unmortgaged freedom of action that it will have back of it not a divided and distracted sentiment but the united support of the American people." Senator Borah and Senator Johnson appear satisfied with this. It is certainly far enough from the Senator's previous statements that "if the League has been so entwined and interwoven into the peace of Europe that its good must be preserved in order to stabilize the peace of that continent, then it may be amended or revised" (August 28), and "We are all agreed now that amendment or revision and reconstruction is possible and vastly better than reservations" (September 5). But to us it sounds like straddling, like a step toward acceptance of a modified league. Lloyd George thinks that after the elections the United States will come into the League. We fear it will—unless a sufficiently determined group of wilful men stand firm. There has been no clear-cut unambiguous statement from Senator Harding about this issue. He is against "this league"; he is for an "association of nations"; he is against Article X; he is for the Hague Tribunal, and the Root plan of a League Tribunal. Big business wants America in the League. The governments of Europe want America in the League, and are ready to make concessions, modifications, interpretations, amendments, or reservations, to win our support, and Senator Harding has not yet indicated that he will not be bought upon such terms, or what changes he would demand. The United States elected Woodrow Wilson President upon the issue "He kept us out of the war," and five months after the election Woodrow Wilson plunged us into the war; shall it elect Senator Harding upon the issue "He'll keep us out of the League" only to find itself, five months after, facing another cold plunge?

Throughout the campaign the fundamental defects of the League have been neglected. There has been no discussion of its form, guaranteeing to the great powers associated against Germany in the late war a perpetual domination over the small nations, the neutrals, and their late enemies; there has been no protest against the nullifying provision that no amendment can be made without the unanimous agreement of all members of the Council of the League, nor against the majority control of that Council by the five "great powers"; no campaign voice has been raised to demand that the League be democratized, that it be made representative of and responsible to the peoples of the world, rather than solely to the governments, at a time when governments, and particularly the governments of the four dominant powers, are acting with an arbitrariness and irresponsibility almost unique in recent history. Instead, there has been unmitigated poppycock; talk of England's six votes in the League, talk of solving the Irish problem by presenting it to the League, talk of what Article X may or may not be interpreted to mean. The British Empire has indeed six votes in the Assembly of the League, but the Assembly has no power, and if it had, Franklin Roosevelt's cynical reply holds true: the United States, without a semblance of right, controls the votes of half a dozen Caribbean republics which are at present pocket boroughs of the Navy Department. The Irish case might indeed be presented to the Council of the League, but the Council can take no action unless it be unanimous, and with Mr. Lloyd George's British Government represented on the Council, unanimous action of any help to Ireland would be impossible.

Whatever may be the merits of the various controversies between protagonists and antagonists of the League, such as the present Wilson-Spencer dispute, there emerges from this, as indeed from all other clarification, defense and explanation by the League's most distinguished champion, the certainty that his panacea for world peace was conceived in secrecy and intrigue. The American people, as indeed the French and British and Italian and every other people, have a right to know every single word that was said by their representatives at Paris or Versailles; no man, however highly placed, has a right to conceal from them any promise or any statement made on their behalf or in their name; and one of the greatest among the many Wilson betrayals is this practice, he himself so unsparingly condemned, of a vicious secret diplomacy which led to such signal failure at Paris, and continues in Mr. Colby's star-chamber methods at Washington.

But Mr. Harding does not denounce secret diplomacy; he does not promise that all his dealings with foreign peoples or governments will be open and aboveboard; he shows no penetration of the fundamental vices of *Weltpolitik* which gave birth to the war and to the abortive League covenant, nor any vision of a generous league of peoples meeting the tragedy of the after-war world in a spirit of reconciliation and cooperation. He uses the League merely as an instrument for attack upon the Wilson Administration, and the Democrats reply with the fair phrases and idealistic catchwords which inspired the world two years ago, but which were not realized in and do not apply to the deformed Paris "Covenant." "Bunk" is the word to apply to the campaign talk about the League. The League as formed has not stopped war in Europe, and even with the participation of the United States it would not and could not stop wars, for it is an instrument of the Great Powers which are responsible for the twenty-odd wars in Europe today. And Senator Harding's "outright" repudiation of the League leaves us with no conviction that, once elected, he too will not lead us by a camouflaged route into the dishonored League.

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Spies and Spying

NO more striking evidence of the allegation that in war hostile nations exchange characteristics can be found than in the development of espionage in the United States. A recent dispatch to the New York *Evening Sun* places the annual cost of government spies at $50,000,000, but admits, no doubt correctly, that "Uncle Sam is spending considerably more than that sum." When the faithful historian attempts to weigh the good and evil results of our participation in the war, he will balance against the valor of our troops and the striking technical achievements of mobilization and transport, the growth of a loathsome cancer in the democracy at home. The destructive effects of war on all decent impulses, on humanity, kindliness, fair play, and honest thought, have been painfully evident in the last five years. But few who love America for the ideal that is hers would have believed possible so grievous and fundamental a departure from inherited traditions.

Expanding rapidly, in keeping with the war machine, not less than four large organizations, official and semi-official, devoted to detection, infiltrated the entire land. In every city, town, hamlet, their agents were appointed, usually from the upper walks of life, friends of friends in the original organization nuclei, or members of local branches of security and defense societies. These amateur sleuths accepted the important task of passing upon the acts, beliefs, and thoughts of their neighbors. With the war hysteria rapidly created by official propaganda and a shrieking press, straitjacket standards of opinion were rigidly formulated and the country's thought conscripted into an army of mental regulars. The phantasm of German intrigue, passing from mouth to mouth, spread easily in a country where hundreds of thousands still believe that arms are stored in Catholic Church basements with which Knights of Columbus drill regularly. It is an ancient story, but the people of today are not informed of the Spanish Inquisition, the Calvinistic persecutions, the Titus Oates plots, and the other Terrors, nor would they, even if informed, apply the obvious moral. The present is always a different story! Yet at least American history, excepting the minor febrility during the Alien and Sedition Acts, over one hundred years ago, had been singularly free from Russo-Prussian methods. But now not only was the Hun at the gates—he was among us.

That scholarly professor who had studied in Leipzig and would not join in reviling all German science; that lover of fair play who remarked that the Germans were putting up a great fight; that student of affairs who alleged that Italy's motives seemed less lofty than those of the other Allies; that sincere preacher unable readily to accept the gospel of the Mannings and the Hillises that "Jesus was no mollycoddle pacifist"; that peaceable old farmer with the German name, suspiciously minding his own business and not mingling with the "boys" at the store; that employer who would not promptly discharge his faithful German employees, or those of German descent; that "defeatist," who said that the war would last a long time and that Germany would be hard to beat; that optimist who said that victory would be easy and that there was no need of extending ourselves; that humanitarian who did not believe babies of any nationality should be starved, not even German ones; that economist who thought that the expenses of the war should be raised wholly by taxation; that liberal who quoted Thomas Jefferson, Wendell Phillips, or Abraham Lincoln on the subject of rights and liberties; that philosophical radical, anticipating by two years Woodrow Wilson's opinion that this was a commercial war; that young fellow who said honestly that he didn't like the idea of getting shot: each one of these was reported to the authorities. The acquaintance with whom he rode daily in the train, the "friend" with whom he lunched at the club, the fellow worker at the next desk, the nodding acquaintance who strolled over for a bit of a chat about the war, these listened, often agreeing; they duly noted, they transcribed, they transmitted to Washington. Meantime they also spread the report, for there's nothing like giving a dog a bad name, and no hearsay rumor was too vague, too casual, to be glorified into a Washington department dossier, to be transformed in turn into an efferent force to hunt, to persecute, and, in the language of the day to "get" the object of suspicion. If possible his job was taken away from him by false and malicious reports, with the implication to any hesitant employer that he, too, might be suspected. The loss of the job then became proof of guilt, to be used for further persecutions. The opportunities for satisfying personal grudges were immense. The informer, of course, always remained safely invisible, incognito, and the victim was given no chance to clear himself. Innocent persons might be persecuted, but the excuse that Blasco Ibáñez so effectively placed in the mouths of German officers was as current here, "Maybe, but this is war, and the country must be given the benefit of the doubt."

What a tragic farce it all was! What a jest to perpetrate on a nation proud of its sense of humor! Judge Anderson, United States District Attorney in Massachusetts at that time, and therefore well informed, found 99½ per cent of all the alleged plots entirely spurious. And doubtless the remaining one-half per cent, like the Administration beer of equal content, was exceedingly thin. Bernstorff's recent memoirs reveal his appreciation of being credited with a far-reaching organization which existed only in minds bent on "seein' things at night."

Indeed the great German spy system in America was but another colossal myth, the deep-laid Teuton conspiracies: newspaper yarns, motion picture scenarios, dime novel plots. Except the self-proclaimed German agents—the Boy-Eds, Papens, and von Igels, unearthed by their own conspicuous acts and the ubiquitous British secret service long before our entry into the war, who were the super plotters, the "master spies"? A few miserable Hindus, a handful of insurgent Irish, some scattering loose-tongued aliens and hair-brained radicals were the only minnows in our vast net. Not a single first-class spy was caught, and had such existed it is doubtful whether any one on the fifty million dollar salary roll could have recognized him. For the great one-half per cent efficient army of gum-shoe informers was 99½ per cent in one respect only. It was a detective force of Americans to detect Americans, as the honor roll of an Archibald Stevenson "list" made thoroughly clear.

The war has been over for two years, sanity is slowly returning, and the sick old world is trying to throw off the poison injected by men loudly boasting 100 per cent Americanism, but with no real concept of American ideals, no instinct of honor and square dealing. When justifying their sneaking and spying on friends and neighbors by refuge to

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"patriotism," and the allegation that the Hun was in our midst, they were, after all, right. They themselves were the Huns—shadow Huns, if you will, the foes within of democracy.

The virus still remains in our body politic. Red-hunting has replaced Hun-hunting with the same injustices, the same persecution of decent and harmless persons, the same letter-steaming and telephone tapping. The infection of the spy idea has permeated other departments of the Government. The prohibition amendment has opened a new paradise for under-cover informants. Not needed to enforce the law, they are merely furnishing endless opportunities for graft, bribery, and law-breaking on their own part. The public, of course, pays the bills in staggering taxes. The New York police department has just been handed an extra $100,000 to help its work on the utterly unsolved Wall Street explosion mystery, but thus far federal and municipal agents have succeeded only in arresting, terrifying and beating up a few innocent alien laborers. Private industry, meanwhile, has taken a leaf from the Government book, as the Interchurch steel report so graphically revealed, and the political opinions of workmen rather than the quality of their work are becoming in many instances the determinants of their employment. How long will the American people stand for all this? How long will they continue to pay for a Czarist system of espionage, never needed, never in the least justified in this country, which poisons the wellsprings of our national life, creates ill-will, distrust and hatred—of all things best spared in the world just now? "Until it is eliminated," to quote Judge Anderson, "decent human relations cannot exist between the employers and employees, or even among employees," which means that decent human relations cannot exist at all until the spy is routed out of American life.

The German Shipping Plot

THAT another German plot to injure the United States has been discovered must now be apparent to every one who peruses the daily press. The contract between the Hamburg-American Line and the Harriman shipping interests has been so beclouded by charges and countercharges, by criminations and recriminations, by revelations as to the conduct of Hamburg-American officials during the war, that any reader is entitled to feel that the Germans have been caught once more at their old tricks. True, Admiral Benson is most emphatically in favor of the contract, and somehow one does not regard a Harriman as the kind of person who readily has the wool pulled over his eyes; but even this will not avail. Plainly, America has been gulled once more.

Yet the simple facts of the case are worth recalling. What is the one outstanding difficulty in the way of the establishment of a great American merchant marine? It is that while we have the ships and the men to man them obviously we lack technical experience and knowledge in the handling of ocean-going vessels. No one can go into the business of running ships with complete success if his business has hitherto been the buying of bonds or the selling of automobiles. This business has its technical difficulties and pitfalls, like any other trade which requires experts to manage it. No new owner of American tramp ships can hope to compete off hand with the great English firms whose experience in handling tramp steamers has been acquired by more than a century of familiarity with the handling of cargo vessels. Such a family as the Runcimans of Newcastle-on-Tyne, for instance, inherits skill in this field from the labors of four successive generations. All the great English, French, and German lines have brought together technical staffs of the highest training and of long service; and these were kept together during the war even when the ships of the various lines were taken over for war purposes by their governments. No such staffs existed in America when the war broke out, with possibly two or three exceptions. They cannot be created over night. Every new group of capitalists which since the sudden expansion of our fleet has entered the field with the idea of running ships on regular routes or of handling tramps that wander from harbor to harbor, has been confronted with this difficulty.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Americans like Mr. Harriman and Admiral Benson saw in the opportunity of bringing together American ships and German technical skill an arrangement the advantages of which were overwhelmingly on the American side. The German lines are stripped of vessels; up to this time they have been able to purchase no vessels abroad, not even to repurchase any of their old vessels turned over to the Allies. They may not be able to build or buy for years to come. Naturally they welcome the opportunity to turn over their former trade lines to American ships, giving them all their facilities, such as docks and wharves in foreign ports, and the benefit of their technical knowledge and equipment so that they may keep their staffs intact toward the day when in the far distant future they may be able to reestablish their own great fleets. The informal initiative in this matter came from the United States and at the very time the contract was concluded at least a half-dozen other countries were seeking the privileges which Mr. Harriman obtained. Of course, this will not satisfy the super-patriots who think that we should never deal with Germans again, but it looks to us suspiciously like good American business sense and enterprise.

It may well be that certain clauses of the contracts are vague, and that the arrangement, if successful, will improve Germany's trade status and that ships built by American taxpayers' money will help to bring about this result. It does not seem true to us that rates may be so fixed by the Germans as to enable them to underbid us in the export markets of the world. There is, moreover, a clause in the contract that it may be terminated by either side if it does not work out well. If the Germans profit unduly the arrangement can be ended at once. We have no hesitation in saying that if this contract does not stand Great Britain or some Scandinavian country will be remarkably happy to take it over. At any rate, the contract is now before the public. If there are jokers in it which are not apparent to the naked eye, they can be unearthed by the experts. If Congress wishes to appoint a committee to overhaul the whole shipping situation, as it is likely to, the facts are now open to it. Now the contract is being attacked, as Admiral Benson has said, chiefly by rival business interests, and he himself regards the contract as a "heaven-sent opportunity." Certainly, we have not too many such. The task of keeping an American fleet upon the seas is going to be tremendously difficult and will call for wisdom and statesmanship in unusual degree. Can use really be found for all the ships now in commission as well as purchasers? Truly, Admiral Benson is justified in seeking legitimate aid in any quarter.

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The Gulf of Henry James

ACROSS a vast gulf those who like Henry James view with contempt those who do not, and in return those who do not like him view with incredulity those who do. Neither his alleged obscurity nor his avowed cosmopolitanism explains this gulf. Rather may it be ascribed—though it has not been—to the fact that he attempted, in a democratic age, to write courtly romances. He did not, of course, go back for his models to the "Romance of the Rose" or the "Morte d'Arthur" or Sidney's "Arcadia" or the "Grand Cyrus." But he did devote himself almost entirely to those classes in modern society which descend from the classes represented by the romancers of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. His characters, for the most part, do not toil or spin, do not trade or make war, do not bear children in pain or bring them up with sacrifices. The persons who do such things in his novels are likely to be the servants or dependents of others more comfortably established. His books consequently lack the interest of that fiction which shows men and women making some kind of way in the world—except the interest which can be taken in the arts by which the penniless creep into the golden favor of the rich or the socially unarrived wriggle into an envied caste. Henry James is the laureate of leisure. Moreover, the leisure he cared to write about concerns itself in the slightest degree with any action whatsoever, even games or sport. Love of course concerns it, as with all novelists. Yet even love in this chosen universe must constantly run the gauntlet of a decorum incomprehensible to all but the initiate.

Decorum is what damns James with the larger public. In one of Chrétien de Troyes's romances, Lancelot, on his way to rescue Guinevere from a most precarious situation, commits the blunder of riding part of the way in a cart and thereby brings upon himself, since he is seen doing it, a disgrace which his most gallant deeds can scarcely wipe away. Sensible citizens who may have happened upon this narrative in the twelfth century must have felt mystified at all this pother much as do their congeners in the twentieth who stare—and then yawn—at the wounds which James's heroes and heroines suffer from blunders intrinsically no more serious than Lancelot's. How much leisure these persons must enjoy, the sensible citizen thinks, to have evolved and to keep up this mandarin formality! And how little use they make of it! Only readers accustomed to such decorums can walk entirely at ease in the universe James constructed. They have, indeed, the privileges of a domain unprecedented and unmatched in modern literature. It is not merely that he is the most fascinating historian of the most elegant society of the century. He is the creator of a world immensely beautiful in its own right: a world of international dimensions, peopled by charming human beings who live graceful lives in settings lovely almost beyond description; a world which vibrates with the finest instincts and sentiments and trembles at vulgarity and ugliness; a world full of works of art and learning and intelligence, a world infinitely refined, a world perfectly civilized. In real life the danger to such a world is that it may be overwhelmed by some burly rush of actuality from without. In literature the danger is that such a world may gradually fade out as dreams do. Decorums die; it is only the simpler manners of men and women which live forever.

Jenny Lind

AT a recent charming celebration in New York of the Jenny Lind Centennial, Mr. Thomas Wise, speaking in the guise of the late P. T. Barnum, said that no great singer ever dies, as there is always another great singer to take his or her place. It was a pretty compliment, directed most deservedly toward Mme. Frieda Hempel, who had just given an exquisite impersonation of the "Swedish nightingale." If it had been entirely true, however, it is doubtful whether we would be paying tribute today to an artist who, for most of us at least, would be no more than a name and a tradition were there nothing else to recommend her. Jenny Lind has been called the greatest singer of her time. Yet both in voice and in execution she was, from all accounts, equaled, if not surpassed by her rival, Grisi, and her successor, Patti. Nevertheless, she had long reigned supreme in the great Continental opera houses when P. T. Barnum, relying on her European reputation, as well as on his own inward conviction that the public was gullible, brought her to this country by means of a fabulous contract, without either having seen or heard her. Barnum's faith in his own deductions was more than justified. The famous cantatrice stayed over here for about two years, giving, in that time, fully one hundred concerts, and making a fortune both for her manager, and for the numerous charities to which, with characteristic generosity, she donated her share of the receipts.

Yet her prolonged popularity can scarcely be attributed either to the spectacular advertising methods of her showman-impressario, or to his practice of capitalizing her generosity. Sensationalism seldom has lasting effects, and certainly no amount of glorified press-agenting could make any one so loved as Jenny Lind was loved. There must indeed have been some compelling quality of spirit or mind, some flowering virtue or grace that could so distinguish her art above that of her great contemporaries, and keep her memory fresh and fragrant so long after her passing. Wherever she went, she was received with honors. People literally fought their way into her concerts, where she would arouse them to storms of almost terrifying enthusiasm. We have, in our own day, witnessed much deep and touching devotion to singers. We have seen audiences rise in reverence when Marcella Sembrich came upon the stage. We have watched lines of men and women stand for hours in the bitter cold, and for as many more again in the stifling heat, in order to hear Caruso sing. But only once have we known people to go mad with the disappointment on being refused admission, and beat with their fists against the closed doors of an overcrowded concert hall. This was at the recital of a Russian singer who made no pretence either to the art of Sembrich or to a voice of gold, but who merely tried to sing her native folk songs in the way her hearers would understand. Jenny Lind, too, sang simple ballads and folk songs, with a wealth of tenderness and simplicity that has done more to hallow her name than all the dazzling fioratura with which she embellished her arias. And it was because she sang them, to use Beethoven's phrase, "vom Herzen zum Herzen," that the world pauses now, as it did then, to do her homage, and in pausing to do homage to a great artist and a lovely woman recalls us most happily from the anxieties and the materialism of the hour.

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Turning the Light on Ireland

WHEN, four weeks ago, *The Nation* began sending out invitations to persons who it thought would be willing to become members of a Committee of One Hundred for the investigation of outrages in Ireland, it felt confident that the response would be generous and nation-wide. The result thus far has more than met expectation. The Committee of One Hundred has grown to be a committee of nearly 150, and the number continues to grow. "Add name Cardinal Gibbons to Committee" was the stirring message brought by telegraph on the day these lines are written. The presence of the venerable and beloved Cardinal on the Committee—only one of the numberless services which he has rendered to his country and to humanity—emphasizes more than almost anything else could do the national, nonpartisan, and nonsectarian character of that body. United States Senators and Congressmen, governors, mayors and city officials, Catholic and Protestant bishops and clergymen, Jewish rabbis, editors of conservative and liberal journals, university and college presidents and professors, lawyers, authors, officials of labor organizations, business men, men and women long and widely known for their work in varied lines of social betterment—all have given their names and their influence, not at all because any of their own professional or public interests will be directly served thereby, but solely that they may, by helping in the determination of facts, aid the people of Ireland and Great Britain in a time of desperate need and make a tangible contribution to the cause of world peace and happiness.

It was fondly hoped that the announcement of the formation of such a Committee, divorced as the Committee was to be from consideration of any mere political questions, might strengthen the influences which were working for the release of Mayor MacSwiney and other hunger-strikers who were suffering and dying for Ireland in Irish and English prisons and jails. It was hoped that, once the nonpartisan and friendly character of the proposed inquiry was known, and the deep concern of representative American citizens over the grave events in Ireland was realized, there might be some mitigation of the lawless outbreaks which were terrorizing Ireland from one end to the other. Those hopes, unfortunately, have been disappointed. With the Commission of inquiry on the point of beginning its sittings, the distressing events in Ireland must not, of course, be prejudged. Day by day, however, the newspapers have continued to tell the appalling tale of murder, assault, and robbery, of towns and villages sacked and burned, of whole populations terrorized and rendered homeless, of mails rifled and public buildings raided, of police, soldiers, and citizens fighting in the streets or sniping at one another from ambush or concealment. The air is heavy with charges and counter-charges, allegations and denials. British partisans blame Sinn Fein, Sinn Fein blames the British, and many outsiders blame both. What are the facts in this unprecedented reign of terror? At whose door is to be laid the responsibility? These are the questions which the Committee, acting through a Commission whose members it is to select, will undertake to answer.

It was not to be expected that the undertaking, novel as it is from the point of view of ordinary procedure, should pass without a great variety of criticism. Comments of every shade of dissent and approval have been received; some have been based on a misunderstanding of the purpose of the Committee and the Commission; a few have been ill-tempered. One writer affects to see in the proposal some deep-laid scheme for setting the United States and Great Britain by the ears, thereby endangering peace rather than furthering it. Another sees in it a British plot to draw a red herring across the path of British wrongdoing. Still another perceives in it an example of Sinn Fein propaganda. Some hold that the plan constitutes an unwarranted interference in the affairs of the British Empire; others that it is a constructive effort toward improving international relations; some express doubt whether the project can be effective; others see in it a hopeful method of allaying one of the greatest sources of national and international irritation. It has been varyingly held practical, idealistic, impudent, dignified, constructive, destructive, sensible, foolish, epoch-making, unimportant.

These criticisms, whatever their source and kind, are gratefully received, not only because it is upon the public opinion that they represent that the success of the inquiry depends, but also because they give an opportunity to state once more, and in fuller fashion than has heretofore appeared necessary, precisely what the Committee of One Hundred stands for and what it is hoped the investigation by the Commission will accomplish. From the very inception of the idea, every important step in the organization of the Committee and in the work of preparing for the Commission has been given to the press of this country and of Great Britain. The text of the invitation which was extended, the names of members of the Committee, the names and addresses of witnesses invited from Ireland, and the opening of a public subscription for meeting the expenses of the Commission—all these things have been made public so far as the press was disposed to use or circulate the news. In addition, every reasonable inquiry by mail or telegraph that has reached the office of *The Nation* has been answered.

The list of persons to whom invitations have been sent includes all the members of the United States Senate; many members of the House of Representatives; the governors of all the States; the mayors of about 75 leading cities; the editors of some 20 leading newspapers, including such papers as the New York *Times*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Boston *Transcript*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and the Pittsburgh *Leader;* some 35 heads of universities or colleges and professors; bishops of the Roman Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, and Methodist Episcopal churches; a large number of heads of labor unions or other labor organizations; and men and women in other walks of life. Where the person invited was a public official, the character and importance of the office was the only test applied. Where the person invited was a private citizen, the test of inclusion was the business, professional, or other interests which he represented as well as his repute as a public-spirited and fair-minded citizen. In less than a score of instances were the views regarding any phase of the Irish question of the persons invited known to the Editors of *The Nation*, and in no case has any inquiry as to such views been made. If the present membership of the Committee is felt by anyone to lean more to one side than to another, the preponderance is due solely to the fact

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that some who were invited accepted while others declined. As for the personal opinions of the members regarding Ireland, *The Nation* in most cases does not know them and will make no effort to ascertain what they are.

It is not proposed that the Committee shall itself conduct the investigation. With a body of 150 members such a course would be impracticable. The first function of the Committee is the choice of a Commission of not exceeding seven members, which will make the inquiry; and the ballots for that purpose are now being sent in. Each member of the Committee will exercise in the balloting precisely the same weight as any other. It is hoped that the choice of the Commission will be completed by the time this issue of *The Nation* reaches its readers.

In preparation for the meeting of the Commission a list of outrages in Ireland is being prepared, and a number of important witnesses have been invited to come to this country and testify. Other important witnesses will continue to be summoned until the Commission begins its sessions. Once the Commission is ready to take up its duties, however, the direct connection of *The Nation* with the inquiry will cease, and the Commission will prosecute its investigation in any way and to any extent that it may deem proper.

The Nation has repeatedly stated that the proposed investigation does not extend to a consideration of any political question, but is limited to the determination of the facts and the fixing of responsibility in the matter of alleged atrocities in Ireland. It has incorporated the statement in the invitation which members of the Committee of One Hundred have accepted, and the same statement will be made to the Commission. There is no political purpose in the investigation, and the public may rest assured that the Commission will carry on its inquiry regardless of the individuals, factions, or parties that may be affected by it. For the first time since trouble between England and Ireland began, an opportunity is now to be afforded to all persons and parties who have knowledge of outrages in Ireland, by whomsoever perpetrated, to testify to the facts before an impartial body having no political connection with the countries or peoples that are in turmoil, and governed by no other purpose than that of arriving at the truth regarding the alleged acts.

Since the last issue of *The Nation* appeared, an important contribution to the progress of the investigation has been received in the form of a statement authorized by Arthur Henderson, George Lansbury, Robert Smillie, C. T. Cramp, Robert Williams, and W. C. Anderson, members of the British Labor Party, "strongly deprecating Irish outrages and more strongly deprecating reprisals," declaring an "independent inquiry advisable," and expressing "full sympathy" with *The Nation's* proposal, but urging that the inquiry, in order to be complete, should take place in Ireland. In reply the editors of *The Nation*, while expressing their grateful appreciation of the sympathetic support accorded to the undertaking, have pointed out that the proposed investigation must go on as planned, in the confident expectation that neither from the British Government nor from any other source was opposition or impediment to be anticipated, and that only in the event of an incomplete result here should the question of continuing the investigation further in Ireland be considered. A full account of the steps which have been taken in the organization of the Committee and the Commission has been sent to Mr. Henderson and his associates, and it is believed that their cooperation, so far as cooperation is possible at this time, may be counted upon. In pursuance of the same policy of perfect frankness and impartiality, full accounts of the work and purposes of the Committee have also been sent to Sir Auckland Geddes and President De Valera.

The following names are to be added to the lists of members of the Committee of One Hundred already published in *The Nation:*

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Baltimore, Md.; the Rt. Rev. James Atkins, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Nashville, Tenn.; Mary Austin, New York City; Abraham Baroff, International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, New York City; Mayor Martin Behrman, New Orleans, La.; the Rt. Rev. E. Thomas Demby, Protestant Episcopal Suffragan Bishop of Arkansas, Little Rock; Clemens J. France, Seattle, Wash.; Zona Gale, Portage, Wis.; William Hard, Washington, D. C.; the Rt. Rev. R. L. Harris, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Marquette, Mich.; Mayor John F. Hylan, New York City; John S. Leahy, St. Louis, Mo.; Bertha H. Mailly, Rand School of Social Science, New York City; Basil M. Manly, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Katherine M. Meserole, Bellport, L. I.; the Rt. Rev. H. C. Morrison, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South Leesburg, Fla.; the Rt. Rev. Thomas Nicholson, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, Ill.; Edward N. Nockels of the *New Majority*, Chicago, Ill.; the Rt. Rev. Charles Tyler Olmstead, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, Utica; the Rt. Rev. E. L. Parsons, Protestant Episcopal Bishop Coadjutor of California, San Francisco; J. C. Skemp, International Union of Painters and Decorators, Lafayette, Indiana; William H. Johnston, President International Machinists' Union, Washington, D. C.; Archbishop James J. Keane, Dubuque, Iowa; the Rt. Rev. John J. O'Connor, Bishop of Newark, N. J.; J. H. Walker, President Illinois State Federation of Labor, Springfield; William J. Mulligan, Chairman Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities.

The Old Key-Maker

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

The old Key-maker took his file and drew
  Its edge across the metal. "This," he said,
"Fits a dark door I never once passed through,
  For all I keep the lock." He shook his head,
And gave his vise another turn. "I make
  This one to please a fool who offered me
His hoped-for immortality to take—
  Shaped like a woman's lips, this little key!

"How can I serve you? Is it you would gaze
  Into the secret garden where is grown
Tomorrow's rose; or fain of Yesterday's
  Lost magic, would you wander back alone?"
But I had come there just to watch a while
The old Key-maker bend above his file.

Redwoods

By ALICE CORBIN

Where are the giants
Who could top your boughs,
O tall Sequoia tree?
Under your shade
We faint, and cry for sun.

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Squandering Our Heritage

By GIFFORD PINCHOT

THE people of these United States are the most wasteful in the world—wasteful in living, wasteful in manufacturing, and wasteful in their failure to conserve our natural resources. Ever since the white man set foot upon American soil he has been destroying forests and making no effective provision for their renewal. The early settlements were built chiefly in the Eastern valleys, which were covered with unbroken stands of hardwood forest. In these valleys the early pioneers found the best agricultural land, which they had to clear in order to make it available for farming purposes—a practice which became so general that it was accepted as normal and necessary. As a result we have today almost endless miles of barren mountain slopes which are producing no crop of any value. Of the 822,000,000 original acres—matchless miles of virgin forest—only 137,000,000 now remain, and our total forest area, good, bad, and indifferent, amounts to but little more than half of what we once had—463,000,000 acres to be exact. Of these 137,000,000 are still virgin forest; 112,000,000 are of second growth, saw timber size; 133,000,000 are also of second growth, but below saw timber size; and 81,000,000 have been cut over without restocking. This shows the deplorable condition of what we have left. The aggregate area of this 81,000,000 acre desert is equivalent to the combined forest areas of Germany, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal. And this is not the whole story of our unproductive forest land, for there is in addition an enormous area upon which the growth of real timber is so small in amount and so inferior in quality that its commercial value is negligible.

Then another enormous difficulty is that the source of raw material for the wood-using industries has shifted until the distance between markets and forests is now in many cases so great as to make shipping prohibitive, or at least unduly costly and uncertain because of an unsettled labor situation, inadequate railroad facilities, and congested shipping conditions.

The real significance of the present forest situation may be set forth most vividly by considering for a moment the present condition of the newsprint industry. The beginning was in 1840 when Keller patented his process in Germany for a wood-pulp grinding machine. The process was not, however, placed upon a commercial basis until 1854, and it was introduced into the United States by Warner Miller as late as 1866. Since then the growth of the industry in America has been prodigious. Within a half century it has developed from practically nothing until in 1900 two million cords were consumed and six million in 1919. The amount of pulpwood used annually if stacked upon an acre would make a solid pile over four miles high.

The estimated value of the paper products derived from pulp is at present about $780,000,000, made up according to the War Industries Board as follows: newsprint papers, $136,000,000; book paper, $125,000,000; paper boards, $156,000,000; fine writing paper, $142,000,000; wrapping paper, $89,000,000, and all other miscellaneous paper, $132,000,000. The annual per capita consumption of newsprint is now at least 33 pounds, of all kinds of paper about 100 pounds, and there is no basis for assuming that it will be materially less in the near future. Our country was self-supporting in newsprint as late as 1909—a decade later we were dependent upon foreign supplies to the extent of two-thirds of our newsprint or the raw material from which it is manufactured. It seems to be true that the present newsprint shortage goes back fundamentally to overcentralization of the industry during its formative period, and to overcutting and neglect of the pulp-producing lands of the Northeast and the Lake States. As late at 1904, for example, most of the Wisconsin pulp mills found their supplies within the State. About ten years later it became necessary for the same mills to procure considerable quantities of wood from a distance of 700 to 750 miles and some wood is now being shipped to the Wisconsin mills from a distance of 1,000 to 1,200 miles. Furthermore, it is clear that in the not distant future they must go farther yet. The lumber industry is necessarily and decidedly migratory. It must move from place to place, always following the supply of raw material. But the economic conditions of the pulp industry are different. There the initial investment is so heavy that it prohibits a migratory existence, and requires the transportation of raw materials from remote regions.

Forest depletion in America has reached a critical stage, which is, unfortunately, not realized by the public in general. People still think that conditions can be remedied in a few months—an entirely incorrect and untenable point of view. There appears to be little hope of relieving our newsprint and other paper shortage by any possible increase of importation. The pulpwood resources of Canada have been grossly overestimated, and the utmost possible importations from Europe will do little more than temporarily alleviate the existing situation. There is greater hope in the development of untouched native supplies—immense supplies in the national forests of the West which are still almost wholly undeveloped. The Tongass National Forest in southeastern Alaska has about seventy billion board feet of material suitable for pulpwood in a narrow belt along the coast with adequate waterpower and excellent sites available for the location of mills. But the forests of the West and Alaska cannot supply all the demands of the future. Neither would it be wise, even if it were possible, to localize the industry in the West and Alaska. Increased production on the severely cut and continuously burned lands of the East will not only prolong the life of the existing mills but help stabilize the industry by restoring our endless mountain waste to productivity. Idle mountain land has no place in a well-balanced economic system. It is an economic crime to maintain unproductive wastes when—if handled properly—the cut-over forest lands would yield a continuous flow of products to benefit us and future generations.

The first step in the restoration of these profligate wastes is the stopping of forest fires, which are the most formidable foe of our forests. It is our business, as well as our civic duty, to give our forests adequate protection and provide for a systematic and scientific renewal of a forest growth on all soil mainly valuable for growing trees. Increased production is, however, not a solution unless it stop the stupid waste of raw material in the process of manufacture.

Shortage and the high price of wood and woodpulp affect the whole nation. The restoration of thrifty forests to our unproductive hillsides is the only thoroughgoing remedy for a scarcity which is already serious and may soon become critical. We must have wood, and since we can get it nowhere else, we must grow it at home.

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The Chilean Elections

By CHARLES E. CHAPMAN

BY a majority of one, the electoral vote finally standing 177 to 176, Arturo Alessandri, the Liberal Alliance candidate, has been declared President of Chile. When the popular election was held the vote for presidential electors stood 179 for Alessandri and 175 for Barros Borgoño, the candidate of the National Union, but the final decision as to who should be the next president lay with a Court of Honor formed with the consent of both parties to pass on the qualifications of the electors. This Court decided in favor of Alessandri by a vote of five to two, and the Chilean Congress has accordingly proclaimed him president, and has ended an election which was the greatest and most significant that ever took place in Chile.

In the Constitution of 1833, the fundamental document of Chile, there is the following statement: "There is no privileged class in Chile." Justice requires one to say that there has been a steady and notable social advance in Chilean affairs since that sentence was written, but candor compels one to add that it never was and is not yet representative of the truth. There has always been a more or less dominant aristocracy in Chile, made up largely of the great land-owners and the church. For many years they were the directing force in all branches of Chilean life. The first great break from traditional influences came during the presidency of Balmaceda, toward the close of the nineteenth century. Meeting with tremendous opposition in his efforts for reform, Balmaceda illegally assumed dictatorial powers. There followed the revolution of 1891, in which Balmaceda was defeated, committing suicide rather than surrender to his opponents.

Balmaceda's reforms, many of which were aimed against the church, have since his death in great part been attained, but it is not precisely on their account that he stands out as a great figure in Chilean history. Rather it is because he is looked upon as the martyr in the fight on behalf of the masses. Their cause has made great strides since 1891. The Conservatives, the traditionalist party in Chilean politics, are no longer dominant, though they have heretofore held the balance of power—and may yet. The Liberals are now the most numerous element, but they have split into four groups: Liberals proper (*Doctrinarios*); Liberal Democrats (or Balmacedists); Nationals; and Nationalists. The Liberals, however, are no longer the chosen prophets of the people. Two new parties have appeared, one of which, the Radical, has pushed forward so rapidly that it is now the most numerous single group in Chilean politics. The Radicals represent what was until recent years a new element in Chilean society. They contain the bulk of the fast-growing, educated "middle class." They are the party of the youth of Chile, standing for social and political reforms which are not at all "radical," as that word is understood in the United States, but more in line with what North Americans would term "progressive." They are bitter enemies of the traditionalist elements, and are greatly feared by the church. A second party, the Democrats, is made up mainly of laborers, whose radicalism is more extreme than that of the Radicals. They had not heretofore attained to any considerable power, but the importance of their role in the recent election cannot be denied. There are also some other insignificant groups—Socialists, for example.

Straight through and across these groups there is another line of cleavage, made necessary by the cabinet system and the election of a president both of which demand a majority. Thus there has sprung into being what amounts to two parties, the National Union and the Liberal Alliance. Both have their origin in the Liberal party. Strangely enough, some members of a single group may belong to the Alliance and others to the Union. Most of the Liberals, however, lined up with the Union. The real strength of the Alliance was the Radical party. The Democrats and Socialists were also enthusiastic supporters of the Alliance. On the other hand, the Conservatives threw their weight to the Union. Both candidates for the presidency—Señor Alessandri and Barros Borgoño—were not only Liberals, but also Doctrinarios, belonging, that is, to the same group, but the real battle was between the Radicals and Conservatives, as personified in the opposing candidates.

A natural query on the part of North Americans would be: What were the issues in the recent campaign? A study of the two platforms would lead one to believe that there were none, for both proclaimed the same things, differing only in phraseology and in degree. Thus, both came out strongly for educational reform, emphasizing the same needs; both stood for the protection of national products; and both called for legislation on behalf of the workingman. And yet there is a profound difference between the two parties, though it is mainly psychological and exists to a great extent in the minds of each with respect to the other. The Union holds that its members are the "true Chileans," not opposed to reforms, but wishing to advance toward them at a safe and sure pace. The Alliance considers the Unionists reactionaries, opposed to any and all reform, lest it injure their selfish interests, and its own members to be progressives, standing for a hastening of internal reforms. The Union regards them as dangerous innovators, ready to ruin the country to vent their spite on the church and the aristocracy.

These feelings found perfect expression in the two candidates. Barros is the type of man who would appeal to certain elements of the better educated classes. Member of an old Chilean family which has produced one of the greatest historians in Hispanic-American historiography (Barros Arana), he, too, has won distinction as historian and man of letters; for years he was a professor in the University of Chile; his political achievements have been more than usually notable, especially in his capacity of Minister of Foreign Affairs; and to round out a long, varied, and successful career, he is at present one of the leading figures in the most powerful banking institution of the country. Nor can it be claimed that he is an out-and-out reactionary. Indeed, his nomination displeased the Conservatives, because in the past he has advocated reforms that were unwelcome to the church; before they would join the Union they exacted certain pledges from him. Barros is therefore a figure that commands respect. But he does not possess the divine fire that wins the multitude.

Alessandri is just the opposite kind of man. He is a new man, of Italian descent, a self-made man, and a young man for a Hispanic-American presidential candidate, for he is only in the forties. For some twenty years he has been well-known as a lawyer and politician. As Deputy, Senator, and Cabinet Minister, he has won a reputation for fearlessness and for moving oratory, such that he is known popularly as

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"the Lion of Tarapacá" (the province he represents). He is distinctly a man for the attack. If Barros is in a sense a Chilean edition of Nicholas Murray Butler, Alessandri is another Hiram Johnson. Like the Senator from California he has a wonderful personal magnetism that binds the crowd to him body and soul. No man in Chile has been more severely maligned. Every other person one meets will tell you of "crooked deals" that Alessandri has been mixed up in, but the masses either do not believe these charges or do not care about them. Never have I known a man to be so enthusiastically accepted as the prophet of the people.

On June 25 the election was held. In Santiago there were mounted carbineers and lancers everywhere; policemen and soldiers, be it said in passing, do not possess the vote. The day was more like the occasion of a glad picnic, however, than a riot, for the manifest Alessandri sentiment was overwhelming, almost to the complete exclusion of any in favor of Barros. On ensuing days news items were given out proclaiming—what seemed incredible—that Barros was winning, or at least making it clear that Alessandri could win by only a narrow margin. Then indeed there was a little trouble. Business houses closed (with shutters down), street cars stopped running, crowds of ragged commoners filled the center, and soldiers were at all strategic corners. Now and then there were mild clashes, serious only in that they might have become worse. Alessandri himself saved the situation, calling upon the people to return to work. The prophet had spoken, and all became again serene.

Chile has long been a country of two principal and widely separated classes, the aristocracy and the *rotos* (literally, the "broken"), as the common people are usually called. The lot of the *roto* has indeed improved, and many have emerged therefrom into the comparatively new middle class, but the majority of Chileans are still utterly poor, illiterate, and almost without hope. Leading politicians can refer to them as "canaille" or "rag-bags" (*chusma*) without fear of damage to their career; indeed, that happened during the recent campaign. To be sure, great numbers of the *rotos* do not possess the vote, since the law disfranchises those who cannot read and write, but there are many who do vote. They certainly do! For in Chile vote-buying has not been frowned down by public opinion. In past elections the *roto* got five or ten pesos ($1 or $2). This time it was different. The Alliance organized a League Against Vote-buying, which their opponents styled a "League to Monopolize Vote-buying for the Alliance," and the *rotos* resolved to stand by Alessandri. Unquestionably many votes were bought, and by both parties, even though the price went up to fifty, a hundred, and as much as two hundred pesos. Many took these sums from Union supporters, but voted for Alessandri just the same. But the real heroes, of whom one hears on every side—I have even heard men of opposite party refer to them with a certain amount of pride—were the thousands in all parts of Chile who refused even the semblance of being bought. In some cases they took the money, and tore it to shreds before the eyes of their would-be corrupters. This, to my mind, is the most admirable and by all odds most hopeful, sign in Chilean politics in recent years. It gives one confidence in the future of Chile. Here there is the making of a real democracy!

Outwardly the Chilean method of electing a president is quite like our own. The people vote for electors, who a month later cast ballots for the president. One important difference in the Chilean system is that electoral districts are separate. Thus the vote of each province (state) and even of each department (county) does not go as a unit, but may, and usually does, split. Speaking generally, northern Chile, the mining district, went for Alessandri. The Union displayed most strength in central Chile, an agricultural section of vast estates and the nucleus of the country. The far south, the new and coming Chile, a land of great variety (though mainly agricultural), leaned toward the Alliance. Santiago, though in the center, seemed to be all for Alessandri, but on the official return he carried the department by twenty to nineteen, and lost the province twenty-nine to twenty-two. Great numbers of those who cheered, sang, and paraded in his honor must have been non-voting illiterates. It was five days before the vote of Santiago was declared. Three days more, and the full count for the country was announced as 179 for Alessandri to 175 for Barros Borgoño. Not until the last day was the former assured of his majority. Late in July the electors cast their ballots. One month afterward Congress was to pass judgment on the legitimacy of the electoral vote, but at the suggestion of Eduardo Juarez Mujica, former Chilean Ambassador to the United States, the Court of Honor was formed instead, and both parties agreed to abide by its decision.

In addition to the political factors already indicated for which this election is significant—the rise of a new democracy and the installation in the presidency of the first candidate of the people in Chilean history—there are two others worthy of note. One is that the presidency is returning to its one-time prestige. Formerly the president was the principal element in the Government, even going so far as virtually to choose his successor. The revolution against Balmaceda ended that. Then Chile went to the opposite extreme, making Congress the arbiter. In imitation of the English system, the cabinet, representing the majority in Congress, took charge of the executive branch. The president was merely to "preside," as the king of England "reigns," but was not to "rule." This system has, however, proved something of a failure, because of the instability of Congressional majorities. The average life of a cabinet has been about three months; during four months recently there were four cabinets. Inevitably, therefore, the president has been recovering prestige and power, even though legally he is still a figurehead. The importance which all classes attach to the present election is proof enough that the presidency is no longer what the victors of 1891 intended it to be. At the least it amounts to an active party leadership.

It seems inevitable that some change in the method of choosing the president will be made. The Unionist papers are advocating the French system, of election by Congress. There are two preliminary questions that ought first to be solved, it would seem. Is it possible, or advisable, to have that system when the president is not in fact an innocuous abstraction like the president of France? Is it advisable, or possible, to have it until such time as a thoroughgoing reform shall have removed Congress from even the suspicion of the venality and graft from which few Chileans of the present day absolve it? The basic question, after all, is not one of constitutional systems, but rather the development of a civic righteousness which will insist upon clean politics—whatever the system—and will then abide by the result. Such a spirit, I believe, has made its appearance (at least in one of its aspects) in the present election. This is a new force, of which it is to be hoped, for the good of Chile, that the leaders of both parties will avail themselves.

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And the Public Pays

By WATSON WILLIAMS

STREET railway fares in Minneapolis have just been raised to six cents, with a provision for an automatic increase to seven cents, or four tickets for twenty-five cents, on December 15. The question has long been before the public. For three years it has taken up much of the city council's time; the State legislature has been bombarded with it; a year ago the mayor sought to stop a city ordinance which practically guaranteed the street railways company a seven per cent income on what he characterized as a capitalization $8,000,000 in excess of actual value; and finally last November the citizens of Minneapolis rejected this same proposition with a decisive vote of three to two.

But the cat came back this summer with all her wounds healed and a nice new coat of fur. Something novel in corporation tactics was injected into this last and successful campaign; and since, because of its success here, it is likely to be tried elsewhere, it should be of interest outside Minneapolis. This time the initiative was practically taken by the company employees. Dissatisfied with their wage of fifty cents an hour, they made representations in June to the president of the company, Mr. Horace Lowry. He informed them through their representatives that the company's finances would not allow the increase requested unless he was permitted to increase fares. Whereupon Mr. Lowry and his employes held consultations, the outcome of which were representations from both to city council and public, the employer setting forth his financial needs and the employees their wage demands with a threat by the latter to strike unless the desired increases were given by the end of June. In interviews Mr. Lowry deplored the situation and declared himself unable to avert the threatened tie-up of traffic if he did not have increased fares. The employees backed his stand with reiterated assurances that they would certainly strike if the matter was not settled by the date fixed. The city council became alarmed. The public, so used to traction controversies, scarcely took heed. Besides, it was summer, and many were away. One commercial organization did arise in its indignation and declare in scorching terms what it chose to consider this newest attempt of the street railways company to mulct the public.

Nor were those lacking who thought that they saw unusual elements in this situation. They observed that Mr. Lowry for the first time dealt with a militant organization of his employees; that he sat in a joint meeting with them and listened to their strike threats without turning a hair and even issued a statement to the public that he was helpless. It was recalled that almost three years ago his company had locked out a group of mild insurgents merely because they wore union buttons; and, in defiance of the recommendations of the War Labor Board, these had not been readmitted to work until the buttons disappeared. The nascent union was ruthlessly broken, and more tractable employees, drawn largely from the country and small towns, have since been selected by the company. It was therefore a matter of great surprise that Mr. Lowry now felt himself so helpless, for no one believes him to be a timid man where his own interests are involved.

The city council, a majority of which has always been friendly to increased fares, was duly alarmed, but declared itself unable to pass on the question by the end of June. A compromise with the militant employees was effected and accountants were called to verify the company's estimates of the fares necessary to grant the men's demands. Definite resolutions were not placed before the council for its consideration until the last of July. The company's proposal was a seven cent fare, but a poll of the council showed that this could not pass. Also it was known that the mayor would veto such an ordinance. The action finally taken gave the employees sixty cents an hour for a nine-hour day and seventy cents for overtime, while the company, awarded the increased fares set forth above, will have some surplus for improvements and further dividends. For awhile it was thought that the mayor would veto the ordinance on the ground that the automatic increase to seven cents provided for December 15 does not properly protect the public, since there is a large probability that it will not be needed. He proposed that the question of a further increase should either be left until the need was ascertained or that a provision should be included in the ordinance that the higher rates should take effect only in case the finances of the company demonstrated the necessity. But the council was obdurate.

However, the mayor did not veto the ordinance, as was confidently expected by many, stating that he wished the city council to have the undivided responsibility for the act. It was well known that the act could not have been passed over his veto, because eleven of the twenty-six councilmen were opposed to the ordinance. Seven of these are Socialists and the four others are more or less sympathetic with labor. It is significant that some of the strongest supporters of the ordinance are anti-labor in their allegiance. In the twin-city of St. Paul, where half of the city commissioners are labor representatives, a similar proposition by the same street railways company was rejected, although the company in St. Paul is less prosperous than that in Minneapolis.*

Neither was organized labor favorable to the increase in fares, appearing to regard it as an employer's ruse, the more so because the employees of the traction company are not unionized. Organized labor appeared fearful lest the public—the great body of unorganized workers and consumers—begin to think that labor is uniting with capital to exploit them in their long-suffering and much-profiteered condition. What the public itself thinks of it can be ascertained only at the fall elections, if at all. There was then no press in Minneapolis which reflected its views. But the significance of this instance of cooperation between capital and labor for common ends cannot easily be overlooked. Is it the end of an old system or the prophecy of a new order? In the northwest the two leading old parties have recently been fusing their strength to delay the final victory of new movements awakening in the public consciousness. Possibly certain types of capital and labor are here forced to make together their last stand in their old and outworn policies of disregarding the public interest. Or is it a sign of a new harmony between long discordant elements to bring through their combined powers an awakening of the public to its obligations to the workers as well as to capital engaged in those industries which serve it?

* On September 13 St. Paul adopted an ordinance similar to that adopted by Minneapolis early in August, after renewed and increased agitation by employees of the street car company in concert with employers. The *Minnesota Daily Star* (Farmer-Labor) said of this ordinance: "St. Paul, too, has now surrendered to the threats of the street car company. But the St. Paul city council has the defense that the fight there was hopeless after the Minneapolis council surrendered to the company without setting up safeguards for the public."

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The I. W. W.

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

A LEGEND has been built up about the I. W. W. The Department of Justice, federal district attorneys and local prosecutors, the newspapers and the copper interests have joined in spinning a veritable saga about these men. They are pictured as cut-throat, pro-German, or, latterly, bolshevik, desperadoes who burn harvest-fields, drive iron spikes into fine timber and ruin the mill-saws, devise bomb plots, who obstructed the war and sabotaged the manufacture of munitions—veritable supermen, with a superhuman power for evil, omnipresent and almost omnipotent. And as a result of this legend which has crept deep into the consciousness of millions of honest and well-meaning Americans, they have been hounded and harried as no other organization in American history has ever been, tarred and feathered, lynched, shot outright, imprisoned by the thousand, deported into the parched desert of Arizona; every I. W. W. headquarters in the country has been raided, its furniture smashed, its records carried off, its money taken from it, and some fifteen States have passed laws intended to make mere membership in the I. W. W. a crime sufficient to warrant the imprisonment of the member.

Yet the I. W. W. persist. Despite the "criminal syndicalism" law they still virtually control the lumber industry of the State of Washington; they are the strongest labor organization in Montana, and former dues-paying members of the I. W. W. who have never recanted are running for State office there on the Democratic ticket with Cox and Roosevelt; they are strong in Arizona and Oklahoma, and they control the waterfront of the Delaware River in the East.

Who and what are the I. W. W., and how much truth is there behind the legend? They are the cheerful left wing of American labor, the militant industrial unionists of hazardous and irregular trades. They preach and practice an outspoken doctrine of class solidarity; they have no mutual welfare funds piling up in the banks, few of them have homes, and most of them are men who literally have nothing but their chains to lose and a world to gain. They are a rollicking jovial lot; the only group in American labor which *sings*. Their "preamble," denounced as seditious during the war, but which had been widely circulated ever since its adoption in 1905, is their credo:

> The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life. Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system. . . . Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system." It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

The I. W. W. do not believe in separate unions for each craft within an industry. They want all grades of labor to act together for their common interest. "A craft union," says Haywood, "is just a little job trust."

The entire case against the I. W. W. as revealed in the big federal prosecutions is based upon their speeches and writings. The I. W. W. were charged with organizing an anti-war conspiracy: the prosecutors produced only isolated editorial articles and speeches of rebellious individuals. The I. W. W. were charged—in the newspapers—with spending German gold; in court the prosecutors admitted that they could find no trace of it. They were charged with sabotaging wartime production: the record shows that the I. W. W. had three strikes in the whole course of the war (the Bisbee copper strike, in connection with which 1,169 I. W. W. and suspected I. W. W. were deported into the desert; the Butte copper strike, in the course of which Frank Little was taken out of his bed and lynched; and the intermittent Washington lumber strikes) while the "patriotic" American Federation of Labor had more than 2,000 strikes! An I. W. W. union loaded every shell shipped from the Delaware River during the war. The I. W. W. have been charged with violence, but in none of the big I. W. W. prosecutions has any evidence been introduced to show actual violence by the men convicted. The MacNamara dynamitings, the violent teamsters' and longshoremen's and street car strikes of the past, have been American Federation acts. The I. W. W. have been charged with sabotage, a word of many meanings. They have been charged with burning Kansas wheat-fields; that was never proved, but it was proved that the wheat-fields in question had been heavily insured by their owners.

The I. W. W. call slacking on the job, poor work, a form of sabotage, and admit they practice it. But their General Executive Board defines their position on violence thus:

> . . . [The I. W. W.] does not now and never has believed in or advocated either destruction or violence as a means of accomplishing industrial reform; first, because no principle was ever settled by such methods; second, because industrial history has taught us that when strikers resort to violence and unlawful methods, all the resources of the Government are immediately arrayed against them and they lose their cause; third, because such methods destroy the constructive impulse which it is the purpose of this organization to foster and develop in order that the workers may fit themselves to assume their place in the new society.

The one court case in which violence has actually been proved against them was the Centralia case. Their headquarters had been burned down by "loyal" citizens. They had been warned that their new headquarters would be attacked, and armed men were ready to defend it. The Armistice Day parade left its prescribed route to pass the hall; the evidence differed as to who started the firing; at any rate both ex-service men in the parade and I. W. W. members were killed. Wesley Everett, lynched as an I. W. W., was bunkmate of Sergeant LaMay, another I. W. W., who is said to have won more medals in France than any other private or non-commissioned officer in the American Army, and who was paralyzed for life after his return, by a falling tree in the woods of Washington.

That is the fact-record of the I. W. W.—a record of radicals preaching syndicalism, opposed to the existing order,

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uninterested in the European war, but not a record of violent revolutionaries. For this between three and four thousand have been jailed; a thousand are still in jail. They have been convicted wholesale: ninety-three at Chicago, thirty-eight at Kansas City, etc. The Circuit Court of Appeals has just reaffirmed the Chicago sentences, and the men out on bail are ordered back to prison. Twelve of the ninety-three have served out their sentences. One, a nineteen-year-old Harvard boy, sentenced to five years in prison, had a change of heart and went to Washington to tell the Department of Justice. He was pardoned a week later—a curious commentary on the official statement that no one is imprisoned for "opinion." Thirty-three face ten-year sentences; sixteen, twenty-year sentences. And among the sixteen who face twenty years is Big Bill Haywood—wheezy, one-eyed, gentle—yes, *gentle,* Bill Haywood who, despite the legend, could not kill a fly and cannot be persuaded to denounce even an apostate I. W. W., a purchaser of immunity from prosecution by writing denunciatory articles for the Sunday papers—who has given all his life to the labor movement, and talks of "the boys" in the affectionate tones of a father. The movement for amnesty and the spirit of revolt both gain by the reassertion of the verdict.

A Needed Functionary

By GRANT SHOWERMAN

I DIDN'T mean to do it: the cat was excited at the prospect of the supper I was about to set down for him and got between my legs, and I stepped on his paw. At the terrific squawk he uttered, I too became excited, and in the blind effort to spare him brought my heel square down on his tail.

It was excruciating, but economical. Ever since, the cat has kept clear of people's feet.

"There's good pedagogy in that," said my friend the father of eight boys. "The cat got his lesson. It's the same with children. A single good sharp cut of a switch across the legs, one that really and truly hurts, will break up a bad habit or institute a good one in a moment's time where a year's employment of the 'reasoning' they are always talking about will leave the case exactly where it was. I am not advocating harshness, or tyranny, you understand—only, I believe in good, hard shock for proper cause at the proper time. There is such a thing as surprising the system out of or into mental and physical habit. Take, for example, the case of lifelong invalids or cranks who have been shocked into health or sense by accident of some kind, or even by merciful conspiracy. You've read about them, haven't you?"

"It's kind of like a machine sometimes," I said. "It hesitates, and sticks, or jams, until you get out of patience and give it a kick, and then it goes beautifully."

"Only," I continued, "I suppose you must be careful and not smash the machine—or hurt your foot. You must kick judiciously."

"Nonsense!" he cried, "that's some more of the 'never punish in anger' sort of rot. Exactly what you need with both machine and child *is* to get out of patience. Punishment ought to be as quick as the lightning-stroke. Any machine worth talking about, or any child, will be in no danger of permanent injury from a good jolt."

"That's just the word," I said.

He went on. "Within limits, of course, I am assuming ordinary intelligence and a human disposition. And I am talking of real children, not the kind you read about."

"It makes me think," I said. "The jolt is a good thing for grown people as well as for children, cats, and dogs. You know Dulley, don't you? I've seen him come down the street a thousand times with ladies who had their hands full, never offering to take a thing. But one day, I happen to know, he was with little Miss Fitz, letting her struggle along with a heavy pack of books, when all of a sudden she stopped stock still and literally threw them into his arms. 'There!' she said, 'carry those books for me, will you? It's no more than manners.' It made him mad, of course, but it was exactly what he needed. Since then he's been a regular parcels post. He simply can't do enough draying—and all because of a merciless jolt at precisely the proper moment. It put his machine into good running order, you see.

"Then I was attending a concert service at church the other Sunday evening—"

My friend threw up his hands. "Yes, I know what you're going to say," he said, "And you're right. Of all the maddening torment that people who love music have to undergo in this land of ours, where idiots go to a concert as if it were a reception, or a convention, or a mass-meeting—! Some of the worst crimes are not in the statute-books." He was almost incoherent.

"Well," I said, "for once I did my bit to abate the nuisance. There was a couple sitting beside me. I endured their whispering through the prayer, and then part way through a delicate Händel organ number, and was just nerving myself to endure to the end, when, quite to my surprise, the great God of Jolts suddenly turned me in my seat and made me say, 'Would you mind not talking while the music is going on?' Of course they both glared at me, and of course I have made two enemies for life; but there are also two people who will never expose themselves to *that* again."

"You're a public benefactor," said my friend warmly, "and we ought to have a score or two like you distributed through every concert hall, and theater, *and* church. It would do more for manners at public functions than ten thousand reams of 'reasoning.'"

"But it would take a lot of courage, and it would stir up a lot of ill feeling, wouldn't it? They'd call us ill-tempered, and bad neighbors, and undemocratic."

"It would be worth the price," he said. "And I am not so sure about the ill feeling. I have had experiences of my own. Of course I don't look back with delight upon either the process or its authors, but at the same time I am everlastingly thankful for the result. Oh, I could tell you some interesting stories about jolts that I have known, if I only cared to."

"So could I," I said, "but I don't care to, any more than you. I'm not great enough a character to make it safe for me to publish my confessions. Saint Augustine could lay bare all his weaknesses and not be afraid. But I am no saint."

"Anyway, we seem to have proved the virtues of jolting," he said, "and since that thought about the concert halls and theaters, I have been wondering whether we couldn't turn our conclusions to account. I just happened to think of years ago when we used to maintain, or pretend to maintain, a useful servant of the public called the Fool-killer. You

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remember? He used to make inspectional tours once or twice a year. It used to be, 'When the Fool-killer comes round,—' "

"Yes, I remember," I answered. "We used to save up all the cases for him."

"Precisely," he said. "But in these days of shorthandedness and economy, we can't afford to destroy anything that can be made serviceable by reconstruction, especially if reconstruction involves nothing more expensive than jolting. The difference between a fool and a philosopher is often only the matter of a good, vigorous jolt. Why not a Jolter, and have him come round every so often?"

"A sort of Lord High Jolter, after the fashion of the Lord High Executioner," I suggested. "He'll have 'em on the list—and they'll none of 'em be missed."

"Perfectly," he agreed. "And you and I'll help him make out his little list."

"For example,—" I suggested.

"First of all," he responded, promptly, "the aforesaid nuisances at musical functions."

"And at the theater," I added. "Not forgetting the bushmen who come late with their females and spoil the whole first act crawling over you to their seats and getting settled."

"And actors with absurd mannerisms which they think captivating," he said.

"And preachers who use Billy Sunday vocabularies before Jonathan Edwards congregations," I said.

"And tell slangy stories, thinking they are putting themselves on a level with the common people," he said.

"And there are some private nuisances we mustn't forget," he added. "We must put down the people who stop you when you are in a hurry and take fifteen minutes to say what could be said in two, or didn't need saying at all."

"The buttonholers," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "they need a jolt to get their machinery to running."

"And then there's the other kind," I said, "the ones that talk so fast and so long you never get a chance to say a word of your own. Every time you try it they simply increase in speed and volume, and leave you overwhelmed and gasping."

"The steam roller sort," he said.

"Yes," I said. "Total recall, I believe, is the name they give it. We'll have them on the list. The Jolter will surely do them good."

My friend hesitated.

"I doubt it," he said. "Jolting really does better for slow machinery than for gearing that works with such absolute smoothness."

"But these people have never once in the course of their whole lives had it occur to them that what is of interest to them is not every bit as interesting to everybody else," I said. "Couldn't the Jolter jolt it into their heads?"

For the first time my friend looked discouraged.

"Yes, I know," he said, "but how is he to get at them? Wouldn't they go right over him, the same as with the rest of us?"

I remembered various experiences. "Yes," I said, "I'm afraid they would."

My friend was thoughtful for a moment. "I'm afraid reconstruction in some cases is impossible," he said. "I don't know but we'll have to retain the Lord High Executioner for occasional service, after all."

In the Driftway

THE exigencies of modern travel forced the Drifter into a drawing-room car. His negotiations with the porter for a seat that wasn't to be had were about ending, when he was forced to step aside to let a girl pass. She had obviously overheard the conversation and paused now, to look at the Drifter. He was shabby, but presentable. "If you care to, you may have a seat in my drawing-room as far as Philadelphia." The Drifter settled himself with his back to the engine, wishing he might smoke, while his new found friend sat opposite and discoursed of cabbages and kings. The Drifter didn't in the least care what she talked of, as long as she talked, for she was comely to look at and her face lighted pleasantly when she was interested. Her grandmother had just sold her New York house and there had been several happy, dusty days in the attic. She exhibited part of her spoil, opened one book, and began to read. The Drifter unfolded a newspaper, but was interrupted by a giggle and the book was passed across to him. It was a small "Guide to New York, Its Buildings, Places of Amusement, Churches, Banks, &c., &c." On the title-page was printed the announcement "Not to be taken from the Hotel Astor" and the date 1867. The Drifter wondered what crinoline lady or foppish beau had slipped the little book into pocket or handbag. On the open page he read:

POLITENESS IN RAILROAD CARS

1—Always show your ticket (without getting in a bad humor) whenever the conductor asks for it. Observe this as a rule, it will *pay*.

2—A gentleman should not occupy more than one seat at a time.

3—Gentlemen will not spit tobacco juice in the cars where there are ladies; it soils their skirts and dresses.

4—Ladies without escort in travel should be very particular with whom they become acquainted.

5—"If you your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care.
With whom you speak, to whom you speak
And how and when and where."

* * * * *

THE Drifter looked up to meet a pair of twinkling eyes opposite.

6—Where you see a fellow overzealous for your comfort and pushing himself forward saying "are you traveling alone?—allow me to—" etc., etc., just say to him "Thank you, sir, I require no assistance." By observing this rule, ladies will often save themselves and others trouble.

7—Ladies traveling with children should invariably have a

Contributors to This Issue

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basket of eatables, a tumbler or goblet for the children to drink from, and keep the children in their seats.

8—Keep your head and arms inside the windows.

9—Never sit in a seat, in warm weather, with a man weighing 244 pounds.

10—Always carry greenbacks instead of individual promises to pay.

11—Ladies who wear hoops should make them small before leaving home.

12—Never let your bandbox, valise, or cloak occupy a seat when there is a rack for them; it looks bad for you to occupy a whole seat when there are passengers standing without seats.

13—Always be polite to everybody while traveling, don't get into a bad humor.

14—Never give information without being asked, then you will not be contradicted.

15—When a lady enters a car and there is no vacant seat, rise and offer her yours, it is true politeness.

16—Never smoke in a car where there are ladies. No gentleman would be guilty of such an act.

* * * * *

JUST here the Drifter's young companion interrupted to offer him a cigarette from a neat leather case.

17—Never use profane language in a railroad car.

19—Never talk politics in the cars;—it is usually disagreeable to some of your fellow travelers.

20—Never sit beside a person who is hard of hearing and has never traveled any; get away, there are too many questions to be answered.

21—Never talk loud while the train is in motion; it may not annoy anyone, but it will injure your lungs.

22—Making love should be done outside of railroad cars. By being too affectionate in the cars people will talk.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Maupassant and Spoon River

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of Maupassant's tales seems to anticipate the *Spoon River Anthology*. In the collection *La Main Gauche*, in the story La Morte [1890], a young man, crazed by the death of his mistress, passes the night in the cemetery where she is buried. His delirium grows as the darkness falls, and the stone upon which he is seated seems to be shaken. He jumps aside and reads on the cross marking the grave: "Ici repose Jacques Olinant, décédé à l'âge de cinquante et un ans. Il aimait les siens, fut honnête et bon, et mourut dans la paix du Seigneur." But a skeleton rises from the open tomb, effaces the epitaph, and changes the second sentence to read as follows: "Il hâta par ses duretés la mort de son père dont il désirait hériter, il tortura sa femme, tourmenta ses enfants, trompa ses voisins, vola quand il le put et mourut misérable." And as the young lover looks around him he sees that all the graves have opened and that skeletons are engaged in scratching out "les mensonges inscrits par les parents sur la pierre funèbre pour y rétablir la vérité. Et je voyais que tous avaient été les bourreaux de leurs proches, haineux, déshonnêtes, hypocrites, menteurs, fourbes, calomniateurs, envieux, qu'ils avaient volé, trompé, accompli tous les actes honteux, tous les actes abominables, ces bons pères, ces épouses fidèles, ces fils dévoués, ces jeunes filles chastes, ces commerçants probes, ces hommes et ces femmes irréprochables." And in horror the young man turns to the tomb of his beloved. In place of the simple epitaph he had engraved there "Elle aima, fut aimée et mourut," he reads: "Etant sortie un jour pour tromper son amant, elle prit froid sous la pluie et mourut."

I am not suggesting La Morte as the "source" of *Spoon River*. Very few of the true histories of those villagers recall at all the stories of Maupassant, so few that one is surprised at not finding more. I have noted nothing closer than Nellie Clark and Madame Baptiste. Masters may owe nothing directly or even indirectly to Maupassant, but the parallel seems close enough to permit a query as to whether La Morte may have suggested the fundamental idea of the *Anthology*.

BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE

University of Texas, September 2

Socialism Yesterday and Today

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Why, oh why, do persons as intelligent as Mr. F. Lincoln Hutchins, persist in making statements like, "I abhor the doctrine of the Socialists that calls for governmental regulation of our lives, and that would put all the industries of the country under the control of government agents?" [*The Nation*, October 6, 1920]. Any one who has taken the trouble to discover what *present-day* Socialists advocate, can tell that the foregoing conception of Socialism is as extinct as the dodo, except in the minds of those who are still under the influence of the mid-Victorian fear of the Coming Slavery. The Socialists of today demand that industries be controlled by the workers themselves, through democratically elected shop, district, and national councils or committees. There is nothing to indicate a desire on their part of control by "government agents." Similarly, it is difficult to see how the modern Socialist advocates "government regulation of our lives." On the contrary, everything in Socialist theory indicates an overwhelming desire for complete individual freedom, such as is impossible under the capitalist system.

Brooklyn, October 6 ALEXANDER FICHANDLER

Are We Marching or Marking Time?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Headed by the motto, "The Spirit of 1776," a letter has gone out broadcast from the Chicago headquarters of the National Young Men's Republican League declaring the League's purpose to educate Young America "to respect and cooperate with the constructive business thought of the nation, as distinguished from the socialistic thought of the agitator," and appealing for financial support "in our work for Republicanism and against bolshevism."

One must be very young, indeed, in years and in politics, to indorse the proposition of these embryonic statesmen—that the constructive economic thought of the country is embodied in the philosophy of smug standpatism, while the belated suggestion that this is a campaign against bolshevism will scarcely appeal to any intelligence, however undeveloped, outside the Department of Justice, and that is safely beyond the reach of Republican reasoning. The wildest stretch of the imagination fails to establish any connection between the marching revolutionary spirit of '76 and the static reactionary time-markers of 1920.

Rock Island, Illinois, September 10 E. W.

Education by Celluloid

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Within the week I have seen two moving picture films. One was called "The Riders of the Dawn," the other "The Flame of Hell Gate." The acting in the first was clever, in the second, abominable, crude, and ludicrous. The effects of each, the ideas suggested to the mind of the spectator, were vicious in the extreme. In the first, a lynching-bee was applauded by the crowded house. A raid upon a labor-camp supposedly I. W. W. was cheered. The I. W. W.'s were chased out of town with bull-whips, much to the enjoyment of the spectators. For misrepresentation of the I. W. W. it would be hard to beat "The Riders of the Dawn."

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In the second film, outlawry was idolized. Extra-legal methods of securing justice, of getting revenge, were applauded. Government was held up to contempt. Due process of law was ridiculed as entirely inadequate and undependable in both films. Violence of the mob was pictured as the only means of punishing I. W. W.'s in the first film and of punishing a cattle-thief in the second. Thus do the movies teach Americanism!

Perhaps Freud would explain it in terms of the sadistic impulse. In the movies, people have a means of obtaining vicarious satisfaction for their suppressed desires. But the suggestions in such films do harm that is beyond the possibility of calculation. There was a boy in our neighborhood who, having stolen a revolver and jewelry, set fire to several buildings. At each place he left a sign "The Black Mask." It is easy to see where he got the suggestion.

Berkeley, California, August 20 ALLEN OAK

Catching Up With George Washington

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In these days of buzzing of the Department of Justice, and of general reluctance to lay aside the philosophy, hatreds and superstitions of war, it is of interest to come across the following statement of George Washington, in a letter of acknowledgment to a committee of Congress, which had informed him of his extended military powers. Washington's letter was dated Trenton, Jan. 1, 1777.

". . . Instead of thinking myself freed from all civil obligations by this mark of . . . confidence, I shall constantly bear in mind that, as the sword was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first thing laid aside when those liberties are firmly established."

Also, those who feast at the table of your trenchant journal, may be comforted by some assurance that it is not in the present generation only that the world has been going to the dogs. It had started dogwards at least as far back as December 30, 1778, when Washington wrote to Colonel Benjamin Harrison (Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates), what might have been an editorial in *The Nation*, had that been then existent:

". . . . If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say, that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches, seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; whilst the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit (which in its consequences is want of everything), are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect. . . ."

Dorset, Vermont, September 28 VIOLA I. PARADISE

The Rights of Conscience

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few days ago, on glancing through the 1920 World Almanac, I came across the tabulated list of the qualifications for voting in the various States. The last column enumerates those who cannot vote. I glanced down that column, and my attention was suddenly arrested by the word "atheist." I found that it had to do with requisites for voting in the sovereign State of North Carolina. I looked again, and yes there it was. Atheists are denied the vote in North Carolina.

It struck me as very strange. I had come to believe that it was an axiom that in this free land each could believe according to the dictates of his conscience, whether it be the belief in an Almighty God or the denial of the existence of such a being, as long as such belief did not disturb the welfare of society. The Almanac was in error, thought I. Why, the unabridged exercise of one's conscience in matters religious was the bulwark of the Bill of Rights in the United States Constitution, in fact, formed the very basis for the founding of this great land. Surely no State could deprive a citizen of such fundamental right.

I turned to another page of the Almanac, and there read through the United States Constitution. Yes, religious liberty is guaranteed to us all, and furthermore it is provided that no State shall deprive a citizen of his rights as guaranteed to him by the United States Constitution, among which rights is the right of believing according to the dictates of conscience. Further on I also saw the provision that no religious test shall ever be required for holding any office under the United States. Surely no State could ever get around all these defenses.

In the Library of Congress I obtained the latest official copy of the North Carolina constitution.

I glanced quickly down the page. Ah, there it was. Art. 1, Sec. 26.

"All men have a natural and unalienable right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and no human authority should in any case whatever control or interfere with the rights of conscience."

The second half of that section certainly seemed reassuring. If no human authority can interfere with the rights of conscience then it would seem that one could believe that there is no God and yet be entirely within the law. Yet who knows the intricacies of legal phraseology? What about the first half of the article? I must search on further. At last I have it.

"Art. 6. Suffrage and Eligibility to Office." I read the section enumerating the requisites for voting, and hallelujah, there is not a word about religion. The vile Almanac. Casting calumny on the fair name of a great State! But something made me read on, and holy Jehosaphat, what do my eyes behold.

"Art. 6, Section 8. The following classes of persons are disqualified for office. (1) *All those who shall deny the existence of Almighty God.*"

I hastened for the open air.

Is Article 1, Section 26 annulled by Article 6, Section 8, or is it vice versa, or is it neither, or are they both treasonable and, if so, should not A. Mitchell Palmer get busy? If a man cannot hold office unless he believes in God, is it not depriving him of the free exercise of his conscience?

Let us be duly thankful that the Almanac was somewhat in error. It is not the voter who must believe the religion laid down for him, but rather the seeker for office. And perhaps those who seek office in North Carolina will not be over scrupulous in such a little thing as the belief in a God, and will take the requisite oath with due piety.

Washington, D. C., September 24 HERMAN BERMAN

The Community Church

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The decadence of the pulpit is often remarked upon in the public press. There is in New York City a pulpit that stands out from the multitude—as progressive—from which the truth is told as fearlessly as it is found in *The Nation*. I am confident that thousands of your readers would be glad to hear John Haynes Holmes or Dr. John Herman Randall if they once found the place where they preach. It is in the Lyric Theatre, Forty-second Street, near Seventh Avenue, every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. These men discuss the issues of today, and their message is always constructive and inspiring. Here is no catering to vested interests and rich pewholders. The Community Church for which they speak has no creed but brotherhood. It is like old Plymouth Church was when the great Beecher was hurling his thunders at Slavery. Here Protestant, Catholic, and Jew meet on common ground, and worship God by rousing their own enthusiasm to work for mankind.

New York City, September 18 CHARLES H. COCHRANE

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Thus My Dreams

(From the Spanish of Roberto Lievano of Bogotá, Colombia)

By THOMAS WALSH

A nightingale with silver flourish told
  Of thine approach, high in the lemon-tree,
  And lo! before me rises dreamily
Thy form upon the lily paths of old.
How thy hands tremble as with light! How cold
  The starry glisten of thine eyes on me!
  How lightly stir thy breasts (in them I see
Twin doves that whisper love where branches fold).

The breeze is sifting through the grove; it shakes
The sacramental lemon-trees in flakes
  Of snow upon thy breast and silken hair;
Dawn rises, veiling thee in mist that seems
To take its whiteness from thee; thus my dreams
  Behold thee, flowerlike in thy bridal wear.

Books

Wisdom and Irony

The Three Taverns. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company.

MR. ROBINSON has never learned the arts by which some verse men can lighten three or four serious poems with trifling pieces until they will float a volume. Every volume he publishes is packed; and every poem, as such things go in the world, is perfect. After his two longer poems "Merlin" and "Lancelot," he now returns to collecting certain brief pieces written in the intervals of the last few years. Separate enough in themselves, they yet stand with respect to each other in a sort of pattern, like the monoliths of a Druid circle. Like those monoliths, too, these poems seem to be more than mortised in the underlying granite; they seem to grow out of it in the mere course of nature. And like the Druid stones they wear each an air of ominous, enormous mystery, themselves substantial enough to the casual eye and yet hung about with dim memories and unargumentative though powerful significance. What holds them in the pattern is that tone of mingled wisdom and irony, that color of dignity touched with colloquial flexibility, that clear, hard, tender blank verse and those unforgettable eight-line stanzas and dramatic sonnets which go to make up one of the most scrupulous and valuable of living poets.

Five of the larger poems in "The Three Taverns" are episodes based upon history: Rahel telling Varnhagen of the adventures of her heart before her marriage to him; Hamilton and Burr in 1795 at the not quite conscious parting of their ways; Paul at the Three Taverns, to which the brethren of Rome came out to meet him, greeting them with his doctrine; John Brown, on the eve of his execution, defending the revolution he had attempted; Lazarus, back from the tomb, shaken by his return and able to say no more than that he forgives the Master for bringing him to life again. These characters, as so often with the characters in whom Mr. Robinson interests himself, appear at some moment of transition from an old order which they have outlived to a new one about which they are uncertain but which they face with a courage born of humility—humility toward the ungovernable flood of destiny on which they ride.

If the world
  Were not a world of aches and innovations,
  Attainment would have no more joy of it,

says Paul.

When our eyes
Have wisdom, we see more than we remember;
And the old world of our captivities
May then become a smitten glimpse of ruin,
Like one where vanished hewers have had their day
Of wrath on Lebanon.

* * * * * *

But think you not the world is ashes yet,
And you have all the fire. The world is here
Today, and it may not be gone tomorrow;
For there are millions, and there may be more,
To make in turn a various estimation
Of its old ills and ashes, and the traps
Of its apparent wrath.

Again and again these poems, and others in the volume, recur to the pains of change, now tragically, now with a caustic lightness:

Longer ago than cave-men had their changes
Our fathers may have slain a son or two,
Discouraging a further dialectic
Regarding what was new;
And after their unstudied admonition
Occasional contrition
For their old-fashioned ways
May have reduced their doubts, and in addition
Softened their final days.

Neither conservative nor revolutionary can take excessive comfort from a poet who unites the fullest courage of innovation with the unhurried wisdom which the most exciting movement of the current day cannot excite out of an aloof and profound reflectiveness.

It is not, of course, by being topical that Mr. Robinson achieves his immense pertinence to the moment. He speaks only by indirection of actual events, but almost every line bears acutely on the times. The False Gods is a magnificent epigraph on the evanescence of trivial ideals. Demos, a pair of sonnets, says nearly all that can be said on the high ground which Mr. Robinson takes, as a friend of democracy, between its fanatics and its foes. In The Old King's New Jester, with the stern seriousness of a poet and the whimsical grace of a man of the world, he unforgettably advises all those who out of discontent with the new wrongs of the world turn back to approbation and acceptance of the old wrongs. It is these same persons whom Mr. Robinson symbolizes in The Wandering Jew, a quiet comment upon that strange folk-figure as if he had been met in New York and heard reviling the world for its pitiful emptiness.

For now the gloom that hid the man
Became a daylight on his wrath,
And one wherein my fancy viewed
New lions ramping in his path.
The old were dead and had no fangs,
Wherefore he loved them—seeing not
They were the same that in their time
Had eaten everything they caught.

* * * * *

Where, then, was there a place for him
That on this other side of death
Saw nothing good, as he had seen
No good come out of Nazareth?

* * * * *

Whether he still defies or not
The failure of an angry task
That relegates him out of time
To chaos, I can only ask.
But as I knew him, so he was;
And somewhere among men today
Those old, unyielding eyes may flash,
And flinch—and look the other way.

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The penalty of looking and flinching and turning away is worse than death.

Such moments of blindness furnish Mr. Robinson with one of his most frequent dramatic themes—the contrast between a woman who sees and a man who does not, as in The Evangelist's Wife, London Bridge, Tact, Rahel to Varnhagen; or between one of them who sees what the other cannot bear to see, as in the vivid little tragedy, Late Summer. And it is a blindness as regards the world without and an "invidious insight" as regards oneself which characterizes the actionless protagonist of Tasker Norcross, the most memorable poem in this volume. He is nothing, and he has no illusions.

> He knew, and in his knowledge there was death.
> He knew there was a region all around him
> That lay outside man's havoc and affairs,
> And yet was not all hostile to their tumult,
> Where poets would have served and honored him,
> And saved him, had there been anything to save.
> But there was nothing, and his tethered range
> Was only a small desert.
> * * * * * *
> "Art," he would have said,
> "Is not life, and must therefore be a lie";
> And with a few profundities like that
> He would have controverted and dismissed
> The benefit of the Greeks. He had heard of them,
> As he had heard of his aspiring soul—
> Never to the perceptible advantage,
> In his esteem, of either. "Faith," he said,
> Or would have said if he had thought of it,
> "Lives in the same house with Philosophy,
> Where the two feed on scraps and are forlorn
> As orphans after war." He could see stars,
> On a clear night, but he had not an eye
> To see beyond them. He could hear spoken words,
> But had no ear for silence when alone.
> He could eat food of which he knew the savor,
> But had no palate for the Bread of Life,
> That human desperation, to his thinking,
> Made famous long ago, having no other.

It is difficult to determine, Mr. Robinson seems to say, whether it is worse to see and not suspect the truth, like the Wandering Jew, or to suspect it without really seeing it, like Tasker Norcross. The supreme tragedy of human existence is

> That earth has not a school where we may go
> For wisdom, or for more than we may know;

and yet there is no cure and no hope except in wisdom. In this uncompromising position may be found the secret of Mr. Robinson's failure ever to catch the hasty ears of his generation—and the secret of his power over all who have taken the pains to understand him.

C. V. D.

Youth in America

Youth in Harley. By Gordon Hall Gerould. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Prologue. By Phyllis Duganne. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

IN the days when the election of Grover Cleveland made good New Englanders feel that the country was headed for destruction, a Litchfield youth named Stephen Quaid, having graduated from Harvard College, became principal of the academy in Harley, Massachusetts. He remained just one year, during which he became engaged to Cynthia Darnell and determined to study law and become a force in the affairs of the nation and the world of men. The story of that year is the subject matter of Mr. Gerould's novel. He writes with none of the disdainful tension, lapsing into grisliness, of his wife, Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould. His style is amorphous within and fuzzy without. But he, too, is by implication a violent anti-modernist and intent on showing the strength, serenity, and comeliness of an older order of American life.

A great and impassioned and tragic novel could be written on that theme. The passing of things venerable and long loved has all but the highest spiritual and literary values. Yet the efforts of the praisers of things past among us seem always to miss those special values altogether. Is the fault in themselves or in their theme? We expect Mr. Gerould to show us plain living and high thinking; he shows us dull living and no thinking at all. We expect Emerson and are put off with a future party-politician. We wait for a flicker of the spirit of Thoreau and get discussions of the "unsettling effects" of "Robert Elsmere." Mr. Gerould, if we are to trust his report, appeals to the wrong period. The old New England hardihood of thought had died out. Stephen Quaid, one may be sure, was a corporation attorney in 1914 and is now a war millionaire and a reactionary, and weighs nearer two hundred pounds than he likes to be told. The great New England, the immortal New England, was as tameless and as revolutionary as the world which now fills Mr. Gerould with dismay. It was unbelieving and radical; it was full of heretics and abolitionists—enemies of the dominant order in matters of convention and property. How do people as clever as the Geroulds miss that essential point? To appeal to the barren and prosaic nineties is mere self-stultification. Revolution is the note of a great age even as change is the note of life itself. Mr. Gerould's Stephen Quaid is an ugly little materialist; Cynthia has no vision, only stubbornness and bad temper. Among the village elders an older and a better tradition faintly glows. But youth in Harley was opaque and stodgy; it knew what it wanted and wanted nothing worth having. It was not austere, only strait-laced; not self-mastered, only pig-headed; not even, in a deep and fine sense, conservative, but only profitably correct.

One can imagine Stephen Quaid and his Cynthia aghast at Rita Moreland, the ultra-modern minx of Miss Duganne's "Prologue." Consider Rita's excessively visible silk stockings, bobbed hair, and one-piece bathing suit. Consider, furthermore, that she was kissed by half a dozen men between her sixteenth and her twentieth year and that she very nearly went to live with one of them. No wonder, since in her middle teens she read "Mlle. de Maupin" and Marie Bashkirtseff and George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man." She had her Oscar Wilde period before she proceeded to Shaw and Wells; she fore-gathered with radicals and labor people; she worked in an editorial office, discussed sex, and drank cocktails, and quoted Karl Marx. And yet, if Margaret Fuller could come back from the other shore, and see Cynthia and Rita, to which of the two would she feel herself more closely akin? The question is a pretty one. For one thing is indisputable: Rita is the one who is spiritually by far the more alive. She is giddy, careless, raw. But she seeks vision. She starts out with a pagan clearness to discover the nature of things. She accepts their reality—the character of her mother—for instance—with an honesty not untinged by sadness; she is self-centered and yet capable of a sane detachment. There is flexibility in her and sympathy and hope. If one could expose today the inner history of the marriage of Stephen and Cynthia, one would probably find a good deal that is furtive and cruel, ugly and tyrannous. Its outer show has always, of course, been beyond criticism. Rita marries, too. "All the things that I could not have alone," she says, "that I do not want alone, are waiting for me now. I think that marriage is less fair to a man; for me it means freedom, all the things I desire. But for Donald there is a certain amount of restraint, of responsibility. But he says that he doesn't care. I shan't let him care; I shall make life and marriage very beautiful for him." How wise the minx is and how those kisses seem actually to have made for a fundamental decency and honesty and justice in her view of human relations. Miss Duganne writes with a clear, staccato, bird-like note; she visualizes men and things with cool precision.

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The Casual Laborer

The Casual Laborer and Other Essays. By Carleton H. Parker, with an Introduction by Cornelia Stratton Parker. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

IN a recent book on employment management, edited by Daniel Bloomfield, and containing selections from the writings of more than half a hundred business men, industrial engineers, and social economists, the position of initial importance is given to Carleton Parker's Motives in Economic Life. It is significant of the place which Carleton Parker achieved in the newly shaping world of industry. Among forward-looking business men his name is now as familiar as the names of Taylor, Hoxie, Gilbraith, Gantt. He is an accepted industrial engineer, but an engineer of a new type. He laid hold of the deeply important fact that economic enterprise is human enterprise, and that no amount of analysis of pecuniary values and laws will avail if an understanding of the human element is omitted. He brought up with a round turn a one-sided and pseudo-psychological economics. He showed how helpless it was in the face of present crises. "Why," he asked, "are economists mute in the presence of the most obvious crisis in our industrial society? Why does an agitated officialdom search today in vain among our writers for scientific advice treating labor inefficiency or industrial disloyalty? . . . The fair answer seems to be this: We economists speculate little on human motives. We are not curious about the great basic facts which dynamic and behavioristic psychology has gathered to illustrate the instinct stimulus to human activity. Most of us are not interested to think of what a psychologically full or satisfying life is. . . . Our economic literature shows that we are but rarely curious to know whether industrialism is suited to man's inherited nature, or what man in turn will do to our rules of economic conduct in case these rules are repressive."

The conclusions which Carleton Parker reached are already creating a new economics and a new type of business enterprise. In Bloomfield's book, for example, we find such titles from business men and engineers as Humanizing the Management of Industry; The New Profession of Handling Men; The New Art of Hiring and Firing; A New Profession in American Industry; Playing Fair with the Workers; Foremen Such as America Needs. And we find, almost on every page, the recognition of the human turnover as the great problem of industry. We are apparently entering the second stage of the industrial revolution. We are, in short, passing beyond the understanding and use of the mere machine to the understanding and use of the human creature who runs the machine. We need not speculate as to what has carried us to this second stage. No doubt the shortage of labor following the war has brought business men to a sharp realization of a more careful conservation of—which means a more careful consideration for—the scanty labor supply they have. Were there no shortage no doubt the old ways would still, in the main, be the good ways. Nevertheless, even in the good old days of a beneficent "labor reserve" business men had begun to be disquieted. It was not pleasant to know of human wreck and ruin all about one. Then in 1913 an eager young economist was sent to "cover" the Wheatland strike in California. The outcome of his seeing was a new understanding on his part of the human fundamentals of the whole economic situation, an understanding which, communicated to others, has been widening and deepening throughout the country ever since, so that today it is creating a new type of industrial attitude and organization.

Carleton Parker's thesis was very simple—so simple one wonders that it had not been discovered by economists before him. Self-expression, he felt, and therefore freedom of choice and movement, were presuppositions to a satisfying human state. Check self-expression and there is sure to be a psychic revolt, "a slipping into abnormal mental functioning"; and society finds on its hands the revolutionist, the alcoholic, the supersensitive, the violent anarchist, the insane. If society prefers not to have revolutionists, alcoholics, etc., the way is clear: let it remove the checks to self-expression.

It is this conclusion which forward-looking business is taking to heart nowadays. The "new art" of the employment manager is the art of fitting round pegs into appropriate round holes, of keeping men and women happy at their work, of supplying variety, interest, outlook. The "new art" of the industrial relations manager is, by invoking the participation of the workers in the organization of the going enterprise, to give them that sense of self-respect which is fundamental to full human self-expression. Keeping Men at their Jobs correlates with Making the Job Worth While; and Making the Job Worth While correlates with New Men for Old; while basic to all of them is the understanding of what Parker seemed to find in his Motives in Economic Life.

For the psychologist, the study of instinct equipment opens up fields as yet but hastily traversed. It will be easy, by a too swift acceptance, to make a pseudo-science out of Parker's eager tentatives. It will be easy, too, to reject the tentatives, because they are not yet scientifically accurate. The truer attitude of the psychologist will be to recognize that he has here an opportunity for immense service to the new economics that is even now in the making. For the economist, the book is like one of those impressive events that make history. It marks the closing of a chapter.

To those who have read "An American Idyll" it need hardly be said that Mrs. Parker's introduction is of the very essence of the book. We shall never be able to separate her clear and warm perception from the eager questing of the young economist. It is they—the two of them together—who have written this new chapter in the economic life of America.

H. A. OVERSTREET

Books in Brief

THE question which most naturally occurs to a reviewer of "An Ethical System Based on the Laws of Nature" (Open Court Publishing Company), now translated from the French of M. Deshumbert by Lionel Giles, is—why is such a book, why is this book interesting to people of many tongues? Portuguese, Rumanian, Dutch, Spanish, Japanese, Russian, Hindi, Bengali, English—all these, besides the original French, surely bespeak a varied and moving appeal; the book is clearly a phenomenon, interesting, if not for the subtlety of its thought, certainly for its power to evoke response. Assuredly it is not a subtle book. It is in four parts, of which the first is a statement of the theory—a vague "cult of life," and of a Nature which everywhere strives for the fullness of life, and of a Good which is "everything that contributes to the conservation and the enlargement of life," all sustained by an array of curious information, mostly Darwinian in inspiration, about the life-conserving habits of plants and animals. But Nature is obviously quite as swift in the infliction of death as she is in the generation of life; hence a second part is devoted to answers to objections that might be raised—as the first, "Since Nature's desire is for life, why should there be death?" And so of disaster, disease, pain, cruelty, evil. The answer given is the old one, of compensation, or, where this seems somehow futile, the ancient one of Cleanthes: there is no ill save sin's self-blindness. "Law" is made to bear the heavy burden of justification, and "the Whole" is idolized as the harmonizer of all desires: "Let us love the Whole with a great and passionate love. Let us pursue the object which it pursues, let us go wheresoever it goes, let us help the Whole to live its great life." The note is that of the Stoics, and indeed, in the next part, which is devoted to Duties and Precepts, the sages of antiquity, especially Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, are quoted along with Confucius, Mencius, and among moderns an odd group of physicians and hygienists—all

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very sensible and many very high-minded. The author adds epigrams of his own which are quite in the tradition of French letters and worthy of the company they keep: "The chief value of thoughts lies in the acts which they engender"; "Devotion to others is admirable; devotion to an idea is sublime." These are examples. But one need not have read so far to discover the source of M. Deshumbert's appeal: it is not in realism, it is not in logical acuteness or consistency, it is not in depth of insight; it is in a moral zeal which amounts to religious fervor, and the religion is the worship of Nature conceived with that plenitude of emotion which makes the word equivalent to God. The book belongs with the Meditations of the Stoic emperor, with the Discourses of the lame freedman; and its appeal to American and Japanese, to Rumanian and Hindu lies without doubt in its possession of the same high and tranquil magnanimity of spirit which marks these reflections of the past with an eternal humanity. The last part of the volume is a consolatory discourse On Death. Marcus Aurelius is still quoted on the last page. But has M. Deshumbert forgotten, is there no truth in, the dark and bitter thoughts of his own great countryman on this same subject—of La Rochefoucauld, vis-à-vis with death?

IT is a commonplace of knowledge that Wagner harked back to Greek practice for the union of music and dramatic action. It is a much less appreciated fact that of all the really great masters of the musical art he was the only one who enjoyed a thorough classical education. At thirty-five he resumed the study of Greek and mastered Aeschylus, as he says himself, "with real feeling and understanding." Miss Pearl Cleveland Wilson, author of "Wagner's Dramas and Greek Tragedy" (Columbia University Press), appears successful in her attempt to dispel the impression that Wagner's dramas uphold the doctrine of might and glorify the hero who forces his will upon the world about him. She demonstrates the opposite truth, that Wagner upheld constantly—even in the pagan drama of the Ring—the Christian ideal of sympathy and self-sacrifice. Those who, like Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw, interpret his dramas differently, have either been misled by such incidental motives as the self-glorification of Wotan, or else they have grown enthusiastic over Siegfried the Übermensch. It is here, then, that the parallel with Greek tragedy comes in. "As the Greek tragic poets were constantly showing how insolent pride (ὕβρις) brought destruction on the man who flaunted it, so Wagner shows how greed (for gold or for power) destroys those who harbor it; and as the Greeks exalt the virtues of moderation and self-control (both included in σωφροσυνή), so Wagner exalts the love that rises from sympathy and leads to forgetfulness of self in the service of others." It was by Aeschylus that Wagner was most influenced. With Sophocles he had perhaps nothing in common except the perfect command of his chief medium of expression. But there is an Aeschylean grandeur in his scores whose harmonies like the images of the Greek poet blaze with imagination and glow with passion without losing for a moment their essential majesty. Even more striking than the resemblance of form is the parallelism of substance. "Aeschylus makes us realize that there is no punishment more terrible than that which sin draws upon itself; Wagner makes us see that there is no action more noble than that which begins in the sorrow of sympathy and ends in the joy of self-forgetfulness in heroic service." This point is amply illuminated by several detailed comparisons, the most compelling of which is the one drawn between the "Oresteia" and the "Ring of the Nibelung" as dramas of crime and atonement.

NOW that we have a new Laocoon and a new Job, a new Inferno and a new Lear, it is pleasant to welcome among this society of *revenants* "A New Robinson Crusoe," resurrected by Gilson Gardner (Harcourt, Brace and Howe). The lonely outcast on the desert island is metamorphosed into a textbook of elementary economics—"baby eke" it is called in colleges—and into a tract for the very gentlest brand of socialism. By his own experiences and unaided reflection he learns the truths once divined by Adam Smith; thence he proceeds to Ricardo and thence to Marx, ending up at about the Sidney and Beatrice Webb stage, without diving into the more intricate theories of J. B. Clark, Carver, and such. He learns that gold on his island is a drug, not worth its weight in grass; that men work partly for exercise and partly to support themselves; that tools and other "capital" add to the productive power of labor. But after all he could not have gone very far with his researches but for the opportune plantation of a colony of political exiles in neighboring islands. Association with them teaches Crusoe the advantages of trade, the law of supply and demand, the effects and limits of competition. These sweet desperadoes start taking the land on Crusoe's island, but he protests and they acknowledge his rightful title to the land he has discovered first. By monopolizing the natural resources at his command, he soon reduces his neighbors to a proletariat, himself representing the capitalist class. He sets up a church and a constitutional government, taking care to allow only his henchmen to be elected to office. Finally, he has himself elected president, thus remaining, as before, monarch of all he surveys. He marries, begets children, and makes a will leaving the archipelago to them. But then a fatal accident happens. His docile subjects discover the diary in which, for the mere pleasure of thought, he has recorded his economic observations. They discover that the whole source of his power is his monopoly of natural resources; they turn him out to sea in an open boat, make him revoke his old testament and sign a new testament leaving all the land to the community. And thus they leave him, and us, to conjecture what happens to their communism. The historical novel has long been recognized; the economic novel is somewhat less exploited. Could not other sciences be taught thus delightfully? An anthology of poems to birds would form a nice textbook of ornithology; Zola's "Pot-Bouille" would not need much changing to make it give instruction in anatomy; and "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" would form a pleasant introduction to astronomy and celestial physics.

"THE Hart, Schaffner and Marx Labor Agreement" (Hart, Schaffner and Marx) is a brief monograph indispensable to every student of collective bargaining. It supersedes a pamphlet issued in 1916, and brings down to date the essential information about the most successful and most highly developed machinery of labor adjustment in the United States—perhaps in the world. Since this agreement was first reached in January, 1911, there has not been a strike in the large Hart, Schaffner and Marx establishment, although the employees, virtually all of whom are members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, have gained a long succession of improvements in hours, wages, working conditions, and shop control. This book contains the text of the original agreement, with its subsequent modifications, and the rulings of the Trade Board and Arbitrators which have developed it, as court decisions have developed the English common law. It also contains articles by Earl Dean Howard, the labor manager of the firm, and by Ray Stannard Baker, who described the system for the New York *Evening Post*. The significance of this "industrial constitution" is enhanced by the fact that in many respects it has become the model for others, including not merely the shops of one firm, but the employers of entire clothing markets, such as Chicago, New York, Baltimore, Rochester, and Boston. It is in documents such as this that future historians will find the sources of an industrially civilized society.

ALTHOUGH the apostasy of Marie Ganz furnished the occasion for her "Rebels: Into Anarchy and Out Again" (Dodd, Mead), it is the period of her rebellion that engages one's interest and gives the book its attraction. Her rebellion defied all sociological classification. The papers called her an anarchist, but she was no more an anarchist than a socialist. Her rebellion

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arose from that direct and sympathetic pain of which hunger, overwork, and an easy sensibility to the sufferings of those about her made her the victim. So, suffering and unrestrained by the dictates of any manual of manners, she uttered what she felt. She made no elaborate preparations. She got up on a soap-box on an East Side corner and spoke her mind. Then they called her anarchist because they thought her manner intemperate and her disrespect for the law obvious. Today, in the midst of comfortable surroundings and removed from that squalor the consciousness of which so sharply pained her, she enunciates the doctrine of content. Yet her memory will not permit her to make an unconditional surrender. "No matter how conservative I may possibly become under broadening influences," she writes, "I know I shall never be able to recall without bitterness and without a stirring of the old hatreds the hardships and cruelties that darkened our lives."

FIVE hundred pages are not excessive for a book which, according to the publisher's jacket, undertakes to give "a complete treatment, clearly and concisely stated, of the entire field of business law." Judge A. B. Frey's treatment of the subject reviewed in his "American Business Law" (Macmillan) is undeniably concise. So far as it goes, it is clear. But it is complete only in the sense that something is said about all of the apposite judicial attitudes that have become crystallized into formulated rules. A thirteen-page treatment of the entire law of partnerships and corporations can hardly be called complete. Perhaps such books have their place, notwithstanding their offense against the maxim that a little learning is a dangerous thing. But they must be handled with care. The bite of the law is in its applications, not in definitions or generalizations. As Mr. Justice Holmes reminds us, "general propositions do not decide concrete cases." To definitions and generalizations Judge Frey adds illustrations of their application, but he seldom ventures into the why and the wherefore. His effort on the whole seems like an attempt to substitute an escalator for the royal road to learning. His escalator is as good as any of those with which it competes. He has done well enough what he set out to do. Whether it was worth doing is another question, on which opinions may differ.

THE awakening of Canada's national self-consciousness manifested in the studious zeal with which Canadians are beginning to collect and publish the records of their country's history is strikingly exemplified in the recent appearance of a voluminous work, "Louisbourg from Its Foundation to Its Fall 1713-1758" (Macmillan), by the Hon. J. S. McLennan. While Senator McLennan's laborious compilation lacks most of the graces of literary craftsmanship, it will be welcomed by students of North American colonial development, for it furnishes either through its text or bibliography exhaustive and apparently complete guidance to all of the many and widely scattered sources of information concerning one of the most interesting attempts of the French nation to establish itself on this continent. In spite of its thoroughness, however, apart from considerable new material on the social, governmental, and economic aspects of the early struggles of the much neglected and long suffering French emigrants to maintain themselves at Louisbourg, there is surprisingly little in this latest account of the rise and decline of "the Dunkirk of America" that is not to be found in the older recitals of this same series of episodes in New World conquest and settlement. Especially is this true of its author's treatment of the first and second captures of Louisbourg. Nevertheless it must be said that Senator McLennan has made it more evident than any of the previous chroniclers of those events that the earlier of the two was largely an unprovoked attack on the part of the British, brought about by the secret machinations and the selfish ambitions of officials who found themselves in authority over the New England colonists. Had the rank and file of the transplanted French and English provincials been left to follow their own

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inclinations it seems that they, and even the Indians, too, might have prosecuted in fairly amicable rivalry their fish and fur trading enterprises for at least as long as the natural resources of the eastern seaboard were not seriously depleted. Moreover Senator McLennan discounts the military glory usually ascribed to the New Englanders for their victorious assault on Louisbourg in 1745, emphasizing not only their awkward and undisciplined maneuvers in conducting the siege and their orgies of drunkenness afterwards, but also their downright cowardice during various stages of their operations against an inferior enemy and their wanton cruelty once they had occupied the surrendered town. There is here also much evidence confirming the fact that the French settlers in Cape Breton Island and its environs, like the English colonists along the coast to the south of them, were the victims of an unbelievably gross and stupid indifference on the part of their governing superiors who remained at home.

HASBROUCK O. PALEN has brought together in "The American Voter's Handbook" (Poughkeepsie: The Helper Press) a body of material which should be of interest to every independent voter in the country. His pamphlet contains the platforms of the Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, Socialist, Farmer-Labor, and Single Tax Parties, with certain important American state papers and statistics, and a minimum of editorial matter, which has the stamp of a liberal spirit trained in the traditional doctrines of American liberalism.

Drama

Trade-Goods

THE managers are at ease in their particular Zion. Why should they not be? Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, philosopher and publicist, witnessed a performance of "Poldekin" and saw that it was good. Every morning paper chronicles his words: "Poldekin is at once the most interesting and amusing play that I have seen in years." It reminds one of the great days when Mr. Wilson called "Friendly Enemies" a beautiful play and the posters represented him in his box—lank of jaw, glittering of eye, with lifted forefinger, half menacing and half paternal. If one desired to be quite irreverent, one would say that Dr. Butler really means "Swat the Bolshevik!" even as Mr. Wilson meant "Swat the Hun!" The significance of these critical performances grows clear if one tries to imagine M. Clemenceau or the Rector of the University of Paris—both good reactionaries—commending a brainless farce of the boulevards on account of its political intention. Yet beneath even this depth one fears a lower still. What if Mr. Wilson sincérely believed "Friendly Enemies" to be a good play? What if Dr. Butler's words are those of soberness and truth? Then why should we poor scribblers seek to tamper with masterpieces? And did not "Friendly Enemies" make a great fortune? Why should the managers not be at ease? Mr. Wilson is in the White House and all's right with Broadway.

There was a time when Mr. Edward Knoblock had neither changed his name nor his nationality and was a promising playwright. Now he is pontifical and dull and shrinks from nothing. To justify the furious nonsense of "One" (Belasco Theater) he quotes Leonardo da Vinci and—Bulwer-Lytton. Were he to write again on so indelicate a subject as the body of man, he would, no doubt, quote Lord Lister and the lamented Munyon. Today he is all soul. In beautiful Belascan stage-dusks—you must not miss the patch of starry sky in the last act—he lets two sisters discover that each has only half a soul. They speak to each other, using red roses as wireless instruments, across three thousand miles. This, clearly, could not go on. One of the two had to die a death of sacrifice. She does. Her half soul slides into the survivor who is now one, or, like a well-known shoe-polish, "two-in-one." Perhaps Mr. Harding or Mr. Cox would find this sweet and consoling. They might even learn from it, speak to each other across the political gulf, and in the end come tenderly together.

They could not but be pleased with "Anna Ascends" (The Playhouse) by Harry Chapman Ford. For here we have the great theme of Americanization. Perhaps Mr. Brady could entice Mr. Mitchell Palmer to pronounce an encomium. Anna is a Syrian. Observe the delicacy of this choice. Central and Eastern Europeans cannot be mentioned in good society. The Swedes were suspected of error during the war. The Italians are heading for naughtiness. Suppose Anna had been from Milan where they have just declared for the third Internationale! But a Syrian, since neither French nor British oil magnates are in the audience, is blameless and her Americanization a matter for edification. So Anna foils designing men and at twenty-odd is a distinguished and successful author, affianced to a rich man's son. This proves, does it not, both the beauty of the Syrian character and of our institutions? Miss Alice Brady gives a duskily brilliant and eloquent performance. But how, being so intelligent and gifted, could she have endured the play at all?

Mr. Edgar Selwyn opens his new Times Square Theater with "The Mirage," by himself. He retells the story of "Iris" and of "The Easiest Way." He cannot be said to approach the strength of Pinero's statement of the case; he does not improve on the moral muddling of Eugene Walters. He deserves praise, however, for at least seeking the stuff of drama where it really is. If he fails to illuminate an obscure problem of human conduct, it is because he takes all moral attitudes at their public and advertised value. He shows us a soul whom degradation could not corrupt. But he lets that soul be overwhelmed by sharing the opinion of others that, under the circumstances, the stain must have soaked in. If Irene was the woman whom Mr. Selwyn describes and whom Miss Florence Reed projects so richly and meltingly, she would have risen in her own defense and sent both men magnificently about their business. But on Broadway Nora and Magda have protested in vain and the ballot has not touched the mid-Victorians' assumptions. There are "good" women and "bad" women—none are human. Mr. Selwyn's heroine is human. That is his play's virtue. But he thinks he ought to believe her bad. That is its undoing.

The comedies are more agreeable because they are less pretentious. "The Tavern" (G. M. Cohan Theater) is half morality play, half burlesque on melodrama. An obscure author wrote it with stodgy seriousness. Then it was "Cohanized," not, certainly, without adroitness and wit. But the result is a jumble in which Arnold Daly, once the delight and glory of our stage, postures with a tawdry romantic elegance. To have seen him in Shaw and Bahr and now to see him here tinges one's thoughts with a wintry sadness. "Welcome Stranger" (Cohan and Harris Theater), is excellent in intention and rich, during one act, with authentic observation. But since it was doomed to end in the spirit of Tiny Tim, the exact human data of that act are swept aside. Mr. Aaron Hofman understands his theme and knows how to build a play. But the cheap optimism that makes for long runs was too much for him. "Three Live Ghosts" (Greenwich Village Theater), although written by Mr. F. S. Isham of Detroit, is cockney in scene and subject. It is, moreover, easily the most amusing play of the season. Being farce, it is nonsensical. But the nonsense is full of human nature, of natural gaiety, and spontaneous high spirits. The characterization, within the limits of its kind, is sharp and racy. Miss Beryl Mercer as Mrs. Gobbins gives one of her priceless portraitures. Her art is prosaic, but it is quite perfect. It is like a realistic etching in which every touch tells and every touch is supremely right. The public runs after gaudy displays of second-rate personalities. Here, far too little known and sparingly applauded, is an artist of first-rate intelligence and finish who saves or adorns every play that has the good fortune of her presence.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

British Correspondence and Sinn Fein

THE *Irish Bulletin* for September 10, a type-written circular regularly issued by Sinn Fein, consists wholly of charges against Dublin Castle. The London *Times* in printing extracts from this circular confirmed the peculiarities of type with regard to "T's" and "h's" noted by Sinn Fein. The text follows.

ON November 11, 1919, British military and police raided Number 76 Harcourt Street, the headquarters of Dail Eireann, the elected Government of the Irish people. The armed forces removed great quantities of literature, and members of the clerical staff of the raided officers saw the police tie into bundles several reams of the official notepaper of Dail Eireann and carry it away with them.

On May 14, 15, and 16, 1920, many of the members of Dail Eireann received letters sent to them through the post and bearing Dublin City postmarks. The letters when opened were found to be typed on the official notepaper of Dail Eireann. Each letter was similarly worded; each consisted of these words typed in capital letters:

"An eye for an eye
A tooth for a tooth
Therefore a life for a life."

The addresses on the envelopes were also typewritten but in the addresses small as well as capital letters were used. It was obvious that all these threatening letters had come from one source. It was obvious that that source was hostile to Sinn Fein. It was obvious that at that source there were quantities of the official notepaper of Dail Eireann. It was obvious that in Dublin City that source was situated.

On May 18, 1920, Mr. Arthur Griffith, acting president of the Republic of Ireland and member of Dail Eireann for East Caban and Northwest Tyrone, was interviewed by representatives of the Dublin press to whom he stated that the notepaper upon which the threatening letters were written was the same notepaper which had six months previously been taken by British police from the headquarters of Dail Eireann at 76 Harcourt Street. That statement appeared in the Dublin evening press of May 18 and the Dublin morning press of May 19. Eight days later, on May 27, Colonel Edgeworth Johnstone, Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, wrote the following letter to the *Irish Independent*.

"SIR: With reference to an article appearing in your issue of the 19th relative to threatening letters received by Sinn Fein members of Parliament and to the statement that paper similar to that on which the threatening notices were written had been seized by the authorities at 76 Harcourt Street, I am directed by Government to inform you that there is no foundation for your report that notepaper or any writing paper was removed from 76 Harcourt Street or taken possession of by the police or by the military.

"W. E. JOHNSTONE, Chief Commissioner"
"DUBLIN CASTLE, May 27, 1920."

Colonel Edgeworth Johnstone's phrase is important in view of the sequel: "I am directed by Government to inform you," he says to the Irish press, "that there is no foundation for your report that notepaper or any writing paper was removed from 76 Harcourt Street or taken possession of by the police or by the military."

Certain official correspondence of high placed British Government officials in Ireland is now in the hands of the Irish Republican authorities. The part of that correspondence which is treated of in the following has been photographed and copies of these photographs are now in the possession of certain American citizens and other persons to whom the original letters have been submitted for examination. A full set of these photographic reproductions has been sent to the editor of the London *Times*. One of these letters is a report by Inspector McFeely of the "G" Division (political) of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. It reads:

"15th January, 20.

"FRENCHMAN LANDS AT KINGSTOWN

"I beg to report that the above named turned out to be Paul Roger Chauvire, professor of French in the National University, and a native of Paris. He served in the French army during the war, returned to Dublin on February 26, 1919, and lodged at 19 Fitzwilliam Place. He changed to 45 Lower Leeson Street about April, 1919, where he has since resided. He has visited Paris two or three times during 1919, the last time being on 13th ultimo, remaining away for a month. He has a wife, daughter, and maid. His movements were watched on 14th and 15th instant and he attended the University, Earlsfort Terrace, during teaching hours on both days. No known Sinn Feiners called to his lodgings, and he was not observed to associate with any extremists now or at any time.

"W. MCFEELEY, Inspector."

This report is initialed on the margin in the following manner: "The I. G. Transmitted. W. C. F. Redmond, Ass. Comm. 16/1."

The report is typed on the back of a sheet of the official notepaper of Dail Eireann.

That report is dated "15th January, 20." It was initialed at Dublin Castle on January 16, 1920, by Assistant Commissioner Redmond of the Dublin Metropolitan Police (assistant to Colonel Edgeworth Johnstone who denied that any such notepaper was in the possession of the police of the military) and was transmitted on that date to the "I. G.," viz.: the Inspector General of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The following letter was written on April 8, 1920. It is addressed from the North Dublin Union ("N. D. U.") which was then and is still in the possession of the British military authorities:

"N. D. U., 8/4/20

"DEAR WARD: Thanks so much for your letter which I passed on to Hyam, who sends many loving messages to you.

"We have a typist (lady, *cela va sans dire*) and Hyam is well away, she has ginger hair so draw your own conclusions.

"Reverse your deductions about the Howth show and you will be nearer the mark, things have been rather quiet here of late. I am just back from a show and its now 4.0 a. m. or should I say 04.00 hrs.?

"How does it feel being a 'civvy' again? I expect we shall miss the army a bit when we leave it. In case you feel inclined to change your political views I inclose a pamphlet which might interest you!

"No news at all here, everything just the same, except we had a fine day yesterday.

"All the best, Old Thing, a line any time you feel inclined to write will be greatly appreciated.

"Yrs to the sticky end,
"P. ATTWOOD."

The signature is that of Lieutenant P. Attwood, Royal Sussex Regiment. Lieutenant Attwood is a member of the General Staff (Intelligence) of the British Army of Occupation in Ireland.

The letter is written on the official notepaper of Dail Eireann of which it covers the whole of the front of one sheet and half of the back.

The man Hyam mentioned in the letter is Captain A. F. Hyam, First South Lancashire Regiment, who is also a member of the British General Staff.

On April 24, 1920, the following report was forwarded to the

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Chief Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. It is addressed from the General Staff (Intelligence)—"G. S. (I.)." It is specially stamped "Secret."

"G. S. (I.), 24/4/20

"THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER, D. M. P.

"On reliable information received today:

"1. Before May 6 a 'grand coup' will be made by Sinn Fein unless forestalled. It is believed that the capture of Government securities, etc., is the aim, and in consequence will consist of simultaneous raids on or burning of post offices, etc., throughout the country. It is definitely stated that whatever this plan may be, it should be completed by May 5/6.

"2. It is also stated that officers and soldiers will be shot in future under similar circumstances to the murders of police.

"3. When the hunger strike was decided on by the leaders of Sinn Fein in Mountjoy Prison, the rank and file were ordered, under the same system as hostile raids are conducted, to join the strike.

"The above system was especially mentioned in order to terrorize those who were unwilling to join the movement (incidentally there were many against it). The result of this is that a number of Sinn Feiners whose sentiments were greatly in favor of their respective leaders, but who had never had an opportunity of knowing their methods, are now assured that the organization is largely carried on by the leaders at the expense of the rank and file and also through sheer terrorism. During the strike the leaders were freely given whiskey by the warders, and at the end of the strike were very little the worse, whereas the rank and file were in a bad way. The leaders, i. e., Hunter, Clancy, Brennan, Gallagher, etc., shook hands with each warder before leaving the prison.

"F. HARPER SHOVE,

"Captain, General Staff (I) Dublin District

"LR. CASTLE YARD, DUBLIN, K. P."

The signature is that of Captain F. Harper Shove, General Headquarters Staff, Ireland.

The report is typewritten. Wherever a capital "T" and a small "h" occur together a marked unevenness in the alignment of these two letters is noticeable. Certain other inequalities are evident in the typing. These peculiarities are as clearly marked in the typewritten addresses on the envelopes containing the threatening letters sent to the members of Dail Eireann. An expert on typescript has been given the envelopes, letters, and this secret report for examination. He has reported that he is prepared to swear on oath that the threatening letters, the envelopes, and the above secret report were all typed on the same typewriting machine, which is an "Underwood."

Thus far it is demonstrated:

1. That Colonel Edgeworth Johnstone, chief commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, lied when on May 27 under the direction of his Government he informed the Irish press that no official notepaper was seized or was taken into the possession of the British police or military authorities.

2. That on January 15 an inspector of the "G" Division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police sent a report to the Assistant Commissioner of that force, which report was typed on the back of a sheet of the official notepaper of Dail Eireann.

3. That the Assistant Commissioner initialed that sheet with his own hand on January 16.

4. That a letter was written on the official notepaper of Dail Eireann by a British staff officer on April 8, 1920, showing that at that date that notepaper had for some reason passed into the hands of members of the General Staff in Ireland.

5. The reason why some of that notepaper passed into the possession of British staff officers was made clear on May 14-15-16, when members of Dail Eireann received death notices typed on one of the typewriters at the British Military Headquarters at Dublin Castle—on the same typewriter as that on which Captain F. Harper Shove of the General Staff had had typed on April 24 his lying secret report on the Mountjoy hunger strike.

One other of the letters of British officials written during the last four months is necessary to these disclosures. It is quoted as written, the spelling and grammar unaltered.

"ST. ANDREW'S HOTEL, EXCHEQUER STREET,

"DUBLIN, 2nd March, 1920.

"DEAR HARDY: Have duly reported and found things in a fearful mess but think will be able to make a good show, Have been given a free hand to carry on and everyone has been very charming. Re our little stunt I see no prospects until I have got things on a firmer basis but still hope and believe there are possabilities. As I intend to put in for my allowances for February should be awfully grateful if you would kindly tell me the War Office rates for Ration-Servant, Lodging Fuel and Light and shall I send them to you for signature or put them thro' Irish Command?—Hill-Dillon tells me they are trying to get me G.S03 and not F.F. is this correct? and will you please send me the number of my warrant to Ireland as I have mislaid it and cannot claim travelling allowance without it. . . .

"Yours very sincerely,

"F. HARPER SHOVE."

Of all the documents quoted this letter is the most sinister. It it written by a British staff officer to a British secret service agent. It is dated March 2. In it Captain F. Harper Shove, from whose office at Dublin Castle the notices threatening the members of Dail Eireann with assassination were sent out two and a half months later, mentions that he has "been given a free hand to carry on." It refers to "our little stunt."

The little stunt is the assassination of prominent Republicans in various parts of Ireland.

On March 2, 1920, Captain F. Harper Shove of the General Staff saw no prospects "until I have got things on a firmer basis." But he still hoped and believed "there are possabilities." Within eighteen days Captain F. Harper Shove and those whom he was "given a free hand" to direct had got things on a firmer basis. Alderman Thomas MacCurtain, Lord Mayor of Cork, was assassinated by British police on the morning of March 20. Before the end of March two other prominent Republicans had been assassinated, James MacCarthy at Thurles, County Tipperary, and Thomas O'Dwyer of Bouladuff in the same county. The method, even the hour of assassination, was similar in all three cases. Captain F. Harper Shove had got things "on a firmer basis." "The little stunt" was being successful. It was then decided that the members of Dail Eireann should be made to feel the effects of it. On May 14-15-16 the chief directing agent of the assassinations sent from his office at Dublin Castle his death notices. The object in using the official notepaper of Dail Eireann is not difficult to understand. The British Government tried to explain away the assassination of Lord Mayor MacCurtain as Captain F. Harper Shove carefully planned they should be able to explain away the assassination of Dail Eireann members. The receipt by the men who had been killed of death notices on the official notepaper of Dail Eireann would have been used by British propaganda as proof that these members were shot down by the "small group of Sinn Fein terrorists" to whom Mr. Lloyd George even now attributes the murder of Alderman Thomas MacCurtain. It was to provide the murderers gathered under the "free hand" of Captain F. Harper Shove with this shield that the official notepaper passed in April, 1920, from the possession of British police who up till then had used it for their reports, into the possession of the British General Staff whose purpose for it was a cover for a campaign of assassination by which they had hoped to rid themselves of the Irish people's demand for national independence. This plan of assassination has not yet been carried out.

It is still the policy of high placed officers on the Headquarters Staff of the British Army of Occupation in Ireland.

The originals of the letters quoted above are in the possession of the Republican movement in Ireland. They are here accurately copied and truthfully described. The conclusions drawn from them have been come to cautiously after an exhaustive investigation.

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Court-Martial Justice in Ireland

THE following letter, signed by men well known in the United States as well as in England, is reprinted from the *Times* (London) for September 14.

To the Editor of The Times:

Sir: On August 24 a conference in Dublin of moderate men of all parties demanded, among other things, as the preliminary condition of an Irish settlement, the abandonment of the policy of repression.

Few Englishmen have any idea of the lengths to which this policy has been carried. Most Englishmen know simply that some eighty members of the Royal Irish Constabulary have been murdered, and they take it for granted that the Government's repressive measures are necessary to put an end to these outrages, and that they are designed for this and no other purpose. Consequently, the actual state of government and justice in Ireland has not been scrutinized carefully, and Englishmen hear little of proceedings that are bringing danger and dishonor upon us. If these proceedings were of a kind to put an end to outrages and not to cause further mischief, they would not have called down the condemnation of men like Lord Monteagle, Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Horace Plunkett, and the other leading Irishmen who took part in the conference at Dublin.

The Coercion Act, with the regulations issued for its administration, marks the climax of this policy. Court-martial justice will become the rule. It is provided that men may be kept indefinitely in prison without trial. A court may sit in secret. If a court believes that a particular person is able to give evidence, he or she may be arrested. Any person who does an act with a view to promoting or calculated to promote the objects of an unlawful association is guilty of an offence against these regulations. As the Gaelic League, which was founded to revive Irish culture, and Dail Eireann, which represents two-thirds of the Irish people, are unlawful associations, all but a small minority of Irishmen may be convicted on this charge. This is not a system of justice adapted for the detection and punishment of crime; it is designed for the punishment of a political movement, and it puts every Irishman who holds the opinions held by the great majority of Irishmen at the mercy of the military authorities.

. . . Not for a century has there been such an outbreak of military violence in these islands. The Government have failed to restrain or punish this violence, and they have now taken steps to prevent any civilian court from calling attention to it. They have issued an order forbidding the holding of coroners' inquests in nine counties. This removes the last vestige of protection from the civilian population. In the "Manual of Military Law" it is laid down that, whereas a man acquitted or convicted by a civil court may not be retried by a military court, a person subject to military law is not to be exempted from the civil law by reason of his military status. The Government have now decided that if soldiers or policemen fire a town or shoot civilians they are to be immune from the danger of an inquiry by a court not under military direction.

In Ireland Englishmen are judged by their actions alone. No assurances of good will have the slightest effect on public opinion there; no English promises make it easier for moderate opinion to get a hearing. Every solution of the Irish question presupposes a friendly feeling between England and Ireland, and we are stimulating hatred. Thus only by changing our executive policy can we create the atmosphere necessary to the successful working of any solution whatever of the Irish question.

We are, sir, yours faithfully,

Ernest Barker, Philip Gibbs, Charles Gore, Hubert Gough, J. L. Hammond, L. T. Hobhouse, Desmond MacCarthy, John Masefield, C. E. Montague, Gilbert Murray, C. P. Scott, H. G. Wells, Basil Williams.

Balbriggan

THE sack of Balbriggan took place on September 21. The account given below is reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian* of the following day.

The police reprisals in Balbriggan this morning are indisputably the worst that have yet occurred in Ireland. In its brutality, wantonness, and destructiveness last night's work of the uniformed forces of the Crown is comparable only to the story of some Belgian village in the early days of the war. Two men were dragged from their homes to the police barracks, bayoneted, and beaten to compel them to reveal secrets, and then taken out into the street and shot in cold blood, their bodies left to be picked up by any passer-by. When I reached Balbriggan at noon today smoke was still rising from rows of burned cottages, shops, and public houses. People were fleeing the town in conditions as pitiable as any set of refugees ever left Louvain or district.

If English people are really to understand the things that are done in the name of the British Government in Ireland and that the Cabinet allows to go unchecked, one must go into the history of last night's happenings in some detail. The origin of the trouble was the shooting of two policemen. District Inspector Burke was killed, and his brother, Sergeant Burke, wounded. This was not a police murder of the common type. The two Burkes had no connection with the district, but were out on a motor ride from Dublin with five or six other police and all were in plain clothes. They stopped at Miss Smyth's public-house in Balbriggan and remained here for well over an hour. They became noisy, and the landlord sent down to the police barracks. Constables came up, but things were quiet and they returned. The noise apparently broke out again, and this time the local Republican Volunteers were called in and cleared the bar. What happened then is obscure, but there was some shooting, but whether it was on the Volunteers' side one cannot say.

The wounded men were taken to the house of a doctor. All was over by 9:30. An hour later an invasion of the "Black and Tans" began. These, one should perhaps say, are the new recruits of the Royal Irish Constabulary, enlisted in England at a pay of 10s. a day and perquisites. They mostly wear the khaki uniform of soldiers with a constable's black cap. . . .

In the three hours of terror that followed one can trace no sequence, for all the frightened people kept to their houses, except those who were driven out when their roofs began to burn over their heads. One party seems to have gone first to the barber's shop of James Lawless, just opposite the police barracks in Bridge Street. The family of Lawless, his wife and their eight young children, were in bed. Hearing the smashing of the shop windows and loud cries of "Lawless, are you there?" Lawless ran downstairs, to be seized by the police and taken across to the barracks.

The family were then told to get out as the shop was to be fired. That did not happen, but I saw this afternoon evidence of the wanton wreckage that followed. There is hardly a piece of furniture or crockery left whole. The family were scattered among neighbors and relatives. One woman in the same street described to me how "Black and Tans" came to her door and handed over two of Lawless's little children—a girl of three and a boy of four. Lawless did not see his family again, for he was shot shortly before dawn.

Other "Black and Tans" meanwhile had begun incendiarism in another part of the town. Two grocers' shops, large and well built, were attacked, the bottles thrown out into the road, petrol poured about the place, and bombs thrown in. The two buildings were utterly consumed by the fire—even the solid outer walls have broken down in places. All that is left of the contents is the twisted bars of bedsteads and piles of smouldering ashes. . . .

In Drogheda Street, the principal thoroughfare, half-a-dozen

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houses and shops were fired. When the public-house of Mr. James McGowan was attacked he and his young family escaped by ladders from a back window. Armed men rushed round to them, and they had barely got clear of the yard when a rick of hay in it burst into flames. The burning of the house and a cottage next to it followed. . . .

No street suffered more than Clonard Street, in which I counted twenty houses of which only the outer walls stand. One best realizes here the cruelty and wickedness of which the police are guilty. On one side of the street was a long row of one-story thatched cottages, the homes of the poorest. They are now black and ruined, their thatch lying smouldering like a mass of hay and all their contents destroyed. People ran from these houses into the fields around and sheltered under hedges and in ditches. Men and women told me of how they had rushed, clothes in hand, to the fields and dressed there while their home was blazing. Across the street five stoutly-built brick houses in the middle of a row are gutted. From one of these two bed-ridden women of over eighty years were carried out into the fields. I saw in one house in this street evidence of the incendiary methods. Two petrol tins lay among the debris, and one of them had been pierced by eight bayonet thrusts to empty the liquid the sooner. I did not see a whole pane of glass in the street. Where the house had not been burnt the windows had been broken by rifle-butt or bayonet.

Not only has a good proportion of the town been made homeless, but many of these poor people will be workless as well. A party of "Black and Tans" set on fire the big hosiery factory of Deedes, Templar, and Company. It was completely destroyed. The damage may run up to £75,000. The company is an English one. Three hundred people will be rendered idle, 150 of whom were in direct employment and the rest workers who took out hosiery for manufacture in their own homes. The largest mill in Balbriggan, Messrs. Smyth's, was saved from destruction by the local constables of the old Royal Irish Constabulary, who dissuaded some "Black and Tans" who had already gone so far as to break windows in the mill.

What one has said so far can be verified and tested by examining the ruins and by questioning many victims. It is much harder to arrive at the true facts of the murder of Lawless and Gibbons. One can gather little of what happened after they were taken into the police barracks until their bodies were found in a side street close by. The evidences of their fate are clear. Two pools of blood, now covered with ashes, lie in the street. The wall behind is pitted with bullet marks and spatters of blood. I picked up a small piece of metal which is plainly part of the outside cover of a service bullet. The bodies themselves are in an outhouse unguarded and one may see them without formality. The wounds are appalling, a description would be sickening, but they suggest that the men were not merely shot but battered and stabbed with bayonets. . . .

One has given these details badly. To realize the full horrors of the night one has to think of bands of men inflamed with drink raging about the streets, firing rifles wildly, burning houses here and there, and loudly threatening to come again tonight and complete their work. From beginning to end there was no apparent check on them, if one excepts the efforts of the few local police who tell me they took no part in the business and hate it. . . .

The only news that the authorities in Dublin have yet received of the Balbriggan reprisals is the following official telegram, which is a very clear indication of how little trust may be put on the reports issued by police. . . . It reads:

"Head Constable Burke, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, Dublin, was shot dead at Balbriggan at 9:30 last night. His brother, Sergeant William Burke, was wounded by revolver shots at the same time. He has been removed to the Mater Hospital. Two civilians have been shot dead and several houses, including one of the hose manufactories (*sic!*) have been destroyed by fire."

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